

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1905.

NO. 41.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

**NORTH.**  
6:02 A. M. Daily.  
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.  
8:39 A. M. Daily.  
12:39 P. M. Daily.  
5:03 P. M. Daily.  
5:54 P. M. Daily.  
9:12 P. M. Daily.

**SOUTH.**  
6:45 A. M. Daily.  
7:33 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.  
12:03 P. M. Daily.  
4:05 P. M. Daily.  
7:03 P. M. Daily.  
8:33 P. M. Daily.  
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE

Leave Fifth and Market St., S. F.	Leave San Mateo
6:00 a. m.	5:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 6:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 7:00 p. m.
6:30 " "	6:00 " "
8:30 " "	8:00 " "
9:30 " "	9:00 " "
10:30 " "	10:00 " "
11:30 " "	12:30 a. m.

## TIME TABLE South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.
Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.	Every one-half hour thereafter to 4:30 p. m.
4:30 " "	4:30 " "
5:10 " "	5:35 " "
5:55 " "	6:14 " "
6:30 " "	6:50 " "
7:30 " "	7:50 " "
8:30 " "	8:50 " "
9:30 " "	9:50 " "
10:30 " "	10:50 " "
11:30 " "	11:53 " "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m. The last "suburban car" leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 4:00 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.

## MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North	A. M.	P. M.
From the South	6:45	12:03
		7:05

## MAIL CLOSURE.

North	A. M.	P. M.
South	6:15	12:09
	6:15	5:24
	11:35	5:35

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. W. de L. Kingsbury will be in town Tuesday and Thursday from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 9 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

## MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT
Hon. G. H. Buck.....Redwood City
TREASURER
P. P. Chamberlain.....Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR
C. L. McCracken.....Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY
J. J. Bullock.....Redwood City
ASSESSOR
O. D. Hayward.....Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK
H. W. Schaberg.....Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER
John F. Johnston.....Redwood City
SHERIFF
J. H. Mansfield.....Redwood City
AUDITOR
Geo. Barker.....Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS
Miss Etta M. Tilton.....Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR
Jas. Crowe.....Redwood City
SURVEYOR
W. B. Gilbert.....Redwood City

## Accused Woman Ends Life.

Oklahoma City.—Mrs. Harry Norton was arrested at Shawnee for the murder of Mrs. Kate James near Weatherford, Ok. T., on July 8th, and within an hour committed suicide by taking poison. She denied being guilty of the crime.

## Long Sentence for a Forger.

Sacramento.—John Stryber, convicted of uttering a fictitious check for \$25 at Folsom, was sentenced by Judge Hart to ten years' imprisonment at Folsom penitentiary.

## CONDENSED NEWS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Interesting Occurrences Specially Selected and Boiled Down Into Short Items.

## HAPPENINGS OF THE PAST WEEK

Current Events Related in Dispatches From Many Correspondents In Various Parts of the West.

Cecil Rogers, while learning to swim in Henry's ice pond at Truckee, Cal., became exhausted and was drowned.

Four hundred Japanese coolies from Honolulu arrived at Victoria, B. C., last week on their way to Missoula, Mont., to work on the Northern Pacific Railway.

A fire started in the Russ House, in the northwestern part of the city of Missoula, Mont., and \$15,000 damage resulted. Burning brands were carried to the Northern Pacific Hospital, but it was saved.

M. Morris, an early pioneer of Monterey county, died at Watsonville last week of heart failure. He was 73 years old. Sixty years ago he left Prussia and came almost directly to the Pacific Coast. He was a prominent Mason and very wealthy.

United States Senator Mitchell of Oregon, convicted of using his office of United States Senator to further the law practice of the firm of Mitchell & Tanner of Portland, was last week sentenced to pay a fine of \$1000 and serve six months' penal servitude.

Covelo, Mendocino county, had a fire last week that caused a loss of fully \$50,000 in the business section. Had it not been for the prompt and active work of the citizens the whole town would have been destroyed. As yet it is not known whether the owners will rebuild or not.

The strike in the mills of Aberdeen, Wash., is ended and one of the most serious industrial problems that has ever confronted that community has been peacefully settled. All of the six mills involved have resumed work, with the increase of wages desired. The only change in the situation is that only men who can speak English have been employed.

David R. Graham, a shed carpenter for the Southern Pacific Company, was killed last week near Summit station in a very peculiar manner. He was standing just out of the reach of the cars when a fragment of a torpedo, which the engine had run over, struck him in the leg, severing an artery. It is also thought that the shock produced heart failure.

As a reward for long and faithful service Dennis Reardon of San Mateo has been presented with a handsome home and commodious grounds by Mrs. Rose, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward. Reardon was for many years the coachman for Hayward and later was the sole caretaker of the splendid Hayward property in San Mateo.

Thomas Finn, president of the San Francisco Fire Commission, states that "pink eye" is becoming epidemic among horses in that city. Forty animals in the Fire Department are afflicted with the disease and Finn fears it will spread. Livery stable owners are complaining that their horses are contracting the disease, which causes their legs and heads to swell.

One hundred and seventy-five thousand sockeye salmon were piled up at six canneries at Anacortes, Wash., one morning last week, and the number was increased to a quarter of a million by evening. The canneries have all the fish they can handle and are running nights. Reports from Blaine, Wash., indicate that nine canneries there have more fish than they can handle.

James A. Thornton, a young man employed by W. Lichau on a threshing crew at Santa Rosa, had an arm torn from his body and sustained shocking injuries as the result of having his sleeve caught between the driving belt and main pulley of the fly wheel on a threshing machine. He was whirled around and around, and came near bleeding to death after being removed from the machinery.

Two-thirds of the business district of Connell, Wash., is in ruins as the result of a fire which originated in the Connell Progress building by the explosion of a bottle of acid. A box of matches ignited the wall paper and then the roof. The losses aggregate \$150,000, with considerable insurance. A Chinese was badly burned on the hands, feet and back. Nine families are rendered homeless.

The next Burbank creation will be a potato that will surpass the tuber bearing the wizard's name. He paid \$100 for a single eye of a potato in Ireland with which to experiment, and has a number of plants growing from that seed. Mr. Burbank is much pleased with his success. Among those who have written to Luther Burbank begging a specimen of his spineless cactus is the King of Italy, but like the commoners who made similar requests the King was refused.

President Roosevelt has objected to Spokane's literature bearing his portrait on the title page. Secretary Monroe of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce received a letter requesting the withdrawal of the brochure on the "Lewis and Clark Trail" from publication. President Roosevelt is very much opposed to the appearance of his portraits in advertisements of any character and requests that the booklet of which the cover was inclosed be immediately recalled from circulation and notice be given when this is done.

Within another year California cement will be offered to Oregon and Washington dealers at a reduction of at least 25 cents per barrel over the present factory prices, and orders for delivery on this basis will be booked immediately. This, combined with the new rates on cement announced by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern from coast points to Eastern Washington, effective August 1st, will give the coast dealers absolute control of the Eastern Washington market, now monopolized by the manufacturers of cement in Colorado.

The Grand Aerie of Eagles convened in Napa last week and elected the following state officers: State president, J. W. Dorsey of Bakersfield Aerie, No. 93; vice-president, Jerome Bassity of San Francisco Aerie, No. 5; State secretary, Gustave Pohlmann of San Francisco Aerie, No. 5; State treasurer, B. B. Goodell of San Bernardino Aerie, No. 506; State conductor, Lee Grigsby of Napa Aerie, No. 161; inside sentinel, Jerry Lucy of San Francisco Aerie, No. 5; outside sentinel, William Connor of San Rafael Aerie, No. 256. The next convention will be held at Petaluma in May, 1906.

## QUARANTINE CAUSES PROTEST.

Honolulu People Object to Fumigation of Cargoes, Claiming It Will Hurt Sugar.

Honolulu.—There is a protest here against quarantining Hawaiian cargoes at San Francisco. L. E. Cofer, United States surgeon in the Marine Hospital service, says the San Francisco authorities were not advised by him that the health conditions here were such as to warrant the action taken there, and has cabled the Marine Hospital service at Washington that there is no need of quarantining cargoes from Hawaii. It is believed that the fumigation at the quarantine station will injure the cargoes of sugar.

San Francisco.—The foregoing cablegram refers to the quarantining of the bark R. P. Rithet, the bark Annie Johnson and the schooner Transit, which arrived here from Honolulu with cargoes of sugar. Local quarantine officials had the vessels fumigated for the purpose of killing rats, which, they fear, might carry the germs of bubonic plague, which they believe has broken out in Honolulu and Hilo.

## Russian Paper Suppressed for All Time.

St. Petersburg.—The suspension of the Novosti, the leading Jewish Liberal organ, for three months is to be made permanent. Interior Minister Bouligan has recommended that the paper be suppressed for good and all on account of its general "pernicious and provocative tone," as under the new ownership it is considered to be little more than the organ of the Jewish revolutionary society.

## Linemen Receive 15,000 Volts.

Los Angeles.—Fifteen thousand volts of electricity conducted along a telephone wire, which was brought for a moment in contact with a wire of the Pacific Electric Company, instantly killed John Heprick and fatally shocked Charles Frost while they were stringing a Santa Monica toll line.

## NEWSPAPERS COMBINE TO CRUSH BRYAN

Syndicate Will Establish Chain of Twenty-one Journals in Nebraska.

## EXPECTS TO CONTROL THE STATE

Organization Backed by Wealthy Men Would Suppress the Well-Known Democrat by Defeating Him at Home.

Omaha, Neb.—A newspaper trust to defeat W. J. Bryan in any political aspirations he may cherish is being formed in Nebraska, with E. E. Brown of the Hastings Observer as the active promoter. The scheme is a part of a wholesale campaign of education in behalf of "safe and sane" politics, with no especial reference to the interests of any political party.

The plan, as outlined by Omaha people, who are in close touch with the intentions of those behind the deal, contemplates the establishment of twenty-one papers in the leading towns of Nebraska—mostly weeklies—to encourage the anti-Bryan sentiment now existing. The move is prompted by the fear that another wave of Bryan popularity may develop as a result of recent disclosures of graft in the big financial and political centers, and Nebraska is to be made the noth of the campaign, on the theory that, if the great silver leader can be defeated in his home State, his strength will be shorn elsewhere in the country.

During the next Presidential contest Brown and his newspaper trust are to have the financial backing of James E. Eccles, ex-Comptroller of Currency; Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life; Thomas F. Ryan, the Wall-street king, and Edward A. Cudahy, the Omaha packer.

It is said the plan is to make Omaha the headquarters of the chain of papers and to this end an option has been secured on the Omaha Commercial, a weekly business paper, from the National Printing Company, its present owners. The Commercial, it is further said, will be turned into a daily and the Observer will be moved from Hastings to Lincoln.

## Woman Saves "Bluebeard" Hoch.

Chicago.—Johann Hoch, "Bluebeard" and confessed bigamist, sentenced to be hanged July 28th for poisoning one of his wives, has been granted a reprieve until August 25th by Governor Deneen. The stay of execution followed hours of anxiety on the part of Hoch, who had never given up hope, and was allowed by the Governor only after the latter had been assured that the necessary funds to appeal the case had been raised. The amount, \$500, was given by Mrs. Cora Wilson, a woman who has taken great interest in Hoch's case. She says she was actuated solely by humanitarian motives, believing the accused man innocent.

## America Will Entertain English Prince.

Washington.—The State Department has in preparation the arrangement for the reception of Prince Louis of Battenberg, an admiral of the British navy, who will come to this country in October in command of an armored cruiser squadron to pay a visit of courtesy. The Prince will be received at the White House on October 3d by the President, who will give a state dinner that evening. A dinner in honor of the Prince will also be given by Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, who will come from Lenox to present him to the President.

## Man of Twenty-six Weds a Grandmother

Laramie, Wyo.—Walter E. Dremmen, aged twenty-six years, and Mrs. Emma Jondro, both of Colorado Springs, were married here last week. The bride is a grandmother, has been twice married before and weighs 300 pounds. Dremmen weighs less than half that amount. The bride and bridegroom are deeply infatuated with each other and made no effort to conceal their joy in public.

## Teacher Killed by a Fall

Wallace, Idaho.—Thomas Conklin, a pioneer Coeur d'Alene school-teacher, was killed by falling thirty feet from his building in Mullan, which had been damaged by fire and which he was repairing.

## CANNOT DIVERT WATER OF RIVER

Fruit Growers Win Suit Filed in San Jose Against the Bay Cities Company.

San Jose.—Judge Rhodes last week handed down his decision in the case of Charles Miller against the Bay Cities Water Company, a suit to restrain the corporation from impounding or diverting the waters of the Coyote river at or above the lower gorge. The court holds that the plaintiff is entitled to a decree perpetually enjoining and restraining the defendant company and its officers, agents and employees from obstructing, arresting or diverting at or above the lower gorge of the river, except for the reasonable use of the lands of the company in the exercise of its riparian rights, any of the waters of the Coyote river which, except for such diversion would flow on the surface of the body of the river through the gorge or would flow or percolate through the gorge underneath the surface thereof, and that plaintiff recover his costs against the defendant.

Charles Miller, plaintiff, represented all those fruit growers and ranchers whose lands lie north of the lower gorge and south of the bay. It was contended that if the defendant was not restrained the whole of the eastern portion of the valley would be deprived of its essential supply of water for irrigation purposes.

## MORMONS PLAN NEVADA COLONY

Big Section of Land Secured for the Overflow From Utah.

Reno.—The Mormons are planning to establish an immense colony in Nevada. For two weeks past negotiations have been in progress with the land owners of White Pine county for the purchase of an immense tract of land. The deal was concluded last Saturday. The two main tracts are owned by the Lewis brothers and the Sunnyside Company. A year ago an effort was made by the Mormons to buy this same land. A difference in the price caused the deal to fall through. Now all the details have been agreed upon and the transfer has been made.

The land is said to be the richest in Eastern Nevada for hay, grain and fruits. Surveys have been made for a new railroad through the country. It will place it within direct touch with Salt Lake. The Mormons are now cramped for space in Utah and for several years have looked toward Nevada to establish another colony.

## Rescues Child From Rattlesnakes.

Redding.—Mrs. Edward Conno had a thrilling experience Saturday near a den of rattlesnakes at Gushing Spring, eighteen miles east of Redding. Her two-year-old girl accompanied her to the spring, toddling ahead. When the mother approached she was horrified to see a huge rattler ready to strike the child. The rattler sprang and just missed the child's breast. The mother forgot the danger, and grabbed the snake with both hands and hurled it into the brush. With the child in one arm, Mrs. Conno started off, when two other rattlers attacked her, striking her dress repeatedly. She escaped almost dead from fright and exhaustion.

## Informant Sent to Jail.

Seattle.—L. B. Talley, a paint merchant of Centralia, has been arrested by Captain Bell of the Secret Service upon the charge of aiding and abetting counterfeiting. It is claimed that Talley agreed to locate for the officer, for a reward, a band of counterfeiters who were making spurious five dollar gold coins. He was put off and an investigation showed the authorities that he himself was a party to the counterfeiting. His arrest followed. Talley declares his arrest is spite work because after he received pay from Bell he was unable to locate the counterfeiters.

## Killed by a Falling Rock.

Bakersfield.—M. Swamberg, a laborer, was killed in tunnel 4 of the Edison Electric Company in the Kernville canyon Saturday. While working in the tunnel a rock became dislodged in the roof and fell on his head. Death was instantaneous. No relatives of the dead man have been found.

## Three Young Women Drowned.

Vancouver, Wash.—Miss Edna Fisher, Miss Lillian Zeigler and Miss May Zeigler, whose ages ranged from 18 to 28 years, went in bathing in the Columbia river, got into deep water and drowned in sight of two women companions, neither of whom could swim.

## COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits..... July 1 to Feb. 1  
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.  
Deer..... August 1 to October 1  
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.  
Trout..... April 1 to November 1

The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.  
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.

## STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover..... October 15 to February 15  
Mountain Quail and Grouse..... Sept. 1 to Feb. 15  
Doves..... July 1 to Feb. 15  
Tree Squirrels..... Aug. 1 to Oct. 1  
Male Deer..... July 15 to Nov. 1  
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited.  
Trout..... April 1 to Nov. 1  
Steelhead (in tidal waters) closed February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16.  
Striped Bass..... Three-pound Black Bass..... July 1 to Jan. 1  
Salmon..... Oct. 16 to Sept. 10  
Lobster or Crawfish..... Aug. 15 to April 1  
Shrimp..... Sept. 1 to May 1  
Crabs, 6 inches across back..... Oct. 31 to Sept. 1  
Turgeon and Female Crab..... Prohibited  
Abalone..... Less than 15 inches round

## Chinese Resist Deportation.

Cleveland.—In their contention for the right to remain in this country six Chinamen who were ordered deported from this country by Judge Taylor of the United States District Court appealed their cases to the Circuit Court with the view of ultimately carrying them to the Supreme Court of the United States. They claim that under the treaty formed between this country and China they have the free right to come and remain here and do business, while Judge Taylor has decided that Congress may pass laws in conflict with and practically abdicating this treaty.

## Tariff Settlement Near.

St. Petersburg.—Negotiations for the settlement of Russo-American tariff difficulties are advancing steadily. Russia is willing to withdraw the retaliatory duties on American machinery, etc., which weigh hard on Russian industry and agriculture, and on these seeks acknowledgment of the principal nature of the retaliatory duties imposed by her on sugar, American exports of which are not apt to become an important commercial factor.

## Dutch Punish Natives.

Amsterdam.—The Dutch expedition sent against the rebellious native state of Boni, in the island of Celebes, one of the Sunday Islands in the East Indies, inflicted severe punishment on the natives, twenty-six of whom were killed. The fortifications of Badjoewa, one of the chief towns, were razed by the guns of the war ships.

## Engineer Drowned at San Pedro.

San Pedro.—Thomas Soulsby, aged 33, a marine engineer by profession, residence 5 Jackson street, San Francisco, was accidentally drowned by falling from a wharf into the inner harbor. His body was recovered.

# Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.



# THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Men have been arrested for merely taking things as they come.

The dressmakers declare the sylph-like figure must go. The pad is the fad.

Technicalities are what the lawyers fight over when the evidence is limited.

There is no patent on trouble, yet lots of men have been arrested for making it.

A young married couple could probably live on wind if the bride's pa would raise it for them.

Nikola Tesla talks of talking around the earth. Suppose that was one thing Nikola had already accomplished.

A woman's ideal photograph is one that represents her as looking at least ten years younger than she really is.

A Memphis man has been fined \$20 for snoring in church. Yet it is commonly supposed that salvation is free.

Men drink less in summer than in winter, according to observing statisticians, and yet summer is the season of larks and swallows.

When a man boasts that he is the descendant of some great man, he should not be criticised. Usually he has no other occasion for boasting.

The czar boldly declares that he will fight to the bitter end. It must be admitted that he has had opportunities to cultivate a fine taste for bitterness.

All young married women should be able to make bread, says a writer on domestic economy. Most of them are, but their husbands are not always able to eat it.

If the Japanese Emperor shares the opinion of his commanders that their victories are due to his virtues, he must have a badly swelled head at present.

The United States could wallop any other power on earth, of course. At the same time, it is pleasant to reflect that we are on the most peaceable terms with Japan.

Nan Patterson has quit the stage, disgusted at the public's lack of enthusiasm. May we venture to hope now that Nan will go home and consent to settle down?

Some editors declare they are afraid there'll be a revival of "Florodora" with Nan Patterson in her old role. Why be afraid? You'd never hear of her if she were in the old role.

A Connecticut man who fathered a law providing for the regulation of the speed of automobiles has been arrested for running his machine too fast. He probably had no automobile when he got the law passed.

It is no use putting up a protest against the hoop skirt. If the dress-makers say so, it will come along again and crowd you off the sidewalk and assert itself generally. The hoop skirt is not a handsome thing, but it has to have room.

Human disaster almost invariably calls forth human courage and human sympathy. Recently fifty-one nurses at North Brother Island, New York, received diplomas, the gift of the German Emperor, for their heroism in caring for the living and the dead from the excursion steamer General Slocum, last year. The head nurse, who directed the work, received a gold brooch and a letter from the German ambassador at Washington.

Virginians have long considered the possibility of bringing the ashes of Pocahontas from the church at Gravesend, England, to Jamestown. The accepted story is that she was buried in the rector's vault. It is evident from what one correspondent writes that it will be a more difficult task to find trace of the so-called Indian princess than it was to discover the remains of John Paul Jones, for the church has been burned twice since Pocahontas died, and the fires made such complete destruction that the location of the vaults is unknown.

That is sound advice which the Harvard crimson gives to the men on the various athletic squads, to keep up in their studies and be regular in their attendance at lectures. The captains of the crew, nine and track team of the university urge the men to do this not because they will get the benefit of study but because if a man goes on probation now because he is lax in his studies he loses his place on the team until his conditions are removed, and this will work serious injury to the team. This is not the highest ground on which an appeal for higher scholarship standing might be made, but it is of the sort which particularly appeals to the man whose main interest in college is in athletics. Doubtless the men will swallow this sugar-coated pill readily.

It will be a curious and perhaps an amusing fact to many members of the present generation that Henry Ward Beecher regarded it as his duty to defend the morality of life-insurance. In that day a most respectable

portion, indeed, almost a majority, of the public looked upon insurance as a sort of gambling. With a better understanding of the subject, that view has almost disappeared, and what was once regarded as a dubious act has come to be recognized as a personal duty. So rapidly has the business of life-insurance grown that the funds of the insurance companies are to-day the greatest aggregations of capital in the world. Two billions and a quarter of dollars represent the actual assets of the "old line" life-insurance companies of the United States, and the insurance in force which they represent is over ten billions. There are more than five million policy holders, each insured for an average of a little over two thousand dollars. In addition to this there are about fifteen million outstanding industrial policies, representing some two billion dollars insurance, and there are more than six million policy holders, with eight billion dollars of insurance, in fraternal orders. Altogether, therefore, more than half of the families in the United States are insured. More and more clearly it has been recognized that insurance is for the man of moderate means a safe and sensible form of saving; and as greater numbers of men of that class have become interested, measures for the better protection of policy holders have been passed by State legislatures. Companies which were doing an unsafe although attractive business have been for the most part eliminated, or turned toward safer channels; and the "mutual" plan has gained favor so rapidly that in theory, at least, there is now no more absolute democracy in the world than a great life-insurance company.

Louis A. Baumann, a 16-year-old water boy in a Pennsylvania coal mine, is one of the kind the world calls heroes. He risked his own life by plunging into a swollen stream to save that of a human being. Two times he was forced to go into the water before the rescue was effected, so he is a real hero. The Carnegie hero fund commission heard of it and awarded him a medal. "Me a medal?" said Baumann, when he was informed of the honor accorded him. "What do I want with a medal?" This young man's naive reception of the news that he had done something extraordinary in leaping to save a life at the possible cost of his own throws interesting light on the subjects of heroes and heroism. Apparently it was a mere incident to him. The man was in the water, drowning. The thing to do was to get him out. There was no reason for any fuss over it. This, the unconsciousness of having done anything that merits especial notice, is the keynote of the true hero. The man who risks his life to save another is not of the type that stops and considers. He acts. What prompts him to act can hardly be fathomed. The impulse which prompts men to risk their lives constitutes the mystery of heroism. The soldier in battle has the inspiration of patriotism, the love of great deeds and of duty, and the surge of combat to urge him on to what is certain death. The city fireman who rushes into a burning building has the inspiration of his fellows and the traditions of the department. The steamship captain who goes down with his boat knows that it is the proper thing to do. The isolated individual who promptly risks his life when the occasion demands has none of these sources of inspiration. He acts from some sudden spring of impulse within himself. The impulse says, "Do," and he does. Afterward it may come upon him that he has risked his life, but never when he is in the act of doing so. It is the helplessness one who commands his full attention. The difference between the hero and the rest of men is that he does not pause to think. Between the warm impulse to do and the actual deed there is no time of cold reflection. The man who is not a hero pauses, reflects and is lost. The hero does not weigh his chances nor the heroics of the situation. Neither does he consider the likelihood that his deed may be widely known. A medal comes as a shock to him. Medals do not make heroes. Probably the hero himself does not know what makes him. In calling general attention to these unheroic heroes by the distribution of medals, the Carnegie commission is doing good work by giving the world the inspiration that all examples of heroic action hold.

**Tobacco an Aid to Government.**  
Tobacco has a great deal to do with the governmental affairs of the world. The French treasury report of the tobacco monopoly for 1904 shows a clear profit of \$71,000,000. The government receipts from tobacco tax in Great Britain last year were \$60,000,000. In the United States the government collects \$45,000,000 from tobacco in internal revenue taxes. In Italy tobacco selling is a government monopoly, and will yield a net profit this year of \$45,000,000 and Austria-Hungary expects to collect about the same amount. Through the clouds of smoke a good many ships of war can be discerned looming up.

**Multiplies Pretty Well, Too.**  
"I suppose you would say the cat has the greatest knack for mathematics of any dumb animal."  
"I didn't know it had any at all."  
"Surely you did. Have you never seen how rapidly a cat can run up a column?"—Kansas City Telegram.

We have noticed that in the spring rival factions spring up in a country town—those who want to put the town's energy into a ball club, and those who would put it into a brass band.

## TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



It doesn't take a very large intellect to hold a good deal of conceit.

It is always safer to say "No" to yourself than to God.

He who has never fought himself has conquered no other foe.

The preacher's practice is the real perforation of his sermon.

When the door is opened on selfishness love die on the threshold.

So long as truth lives it will grow and outgrow all the clothes we make for it.

The pursuit of money is painful, but its possession is often more so.

There may be more spirituality in a bowl of soup than in a sermon.

The infidel howls at the Bible miracles, but he aims at its morals.

There's no power in the piety that seems to give a man a perfect pain.

When the church is frozen with formalism it needs more than fires of eloquence.

No man ever suffered much for his opinions until they got down below his collar.

No matter how hurried you may be, no time is ever wasted that is spent in gratitude.

Preaching dogmas is fighting the devil with the scabbard instead of with the sword.

The fruitful lives are the ones that sow seeds of gratitude in the furrows of affliction.

Men who couldn't organize a peanut stand know just how the pastor should run the church.

The devil is exceedingly solicitous lest the church acquire a reputation for undue activity.

Many people see their children grow up while they are planning on beginning to train them.

The models of fashion here cannot even be certain of passing muster as door-mats in heaven.

It takes as much grace to make a saint out of a Pharisee as it does to make one out of a publican.

The modern idolator falls down before the work of his own imagination instead of that of his hands.

**A SORT OF HORSEWHIPPING.**

The rod, the sparring of which spoils the child, need not of necessity be made of the time-honored hickory, as is shown in an anecdote related by the Washington Star. An old man, who in his boyhood received the chastisement, tells the story. He says it was the worst flogging he ever had, and that the instrument by which his father administered it was the sharpest-backed, hardest trotting, most awkward old horse ever seen.

I won't say that the punishment was undeserved, and I know it cured my propensity for mischief. I lived then some three miles from the postoffice, and eight miles from a friend of ours who had sold father a pig to be delivered when convenient.

One day, when I was at the post-office with a neighbor's boy, this friend came riding down the road, and tying his horse, deposited the bag containing the pig near by. He was accompanied by a miserable-looking cur, which sat down by the bag while his owner went into the office. Quick as a wink, we caught the dog and substituted him for the pig. We placed the pig in a pen not far off; then we scurried home.

We were hanging around the yard when the man with the bag rode up. Handing father the bag, he dismounted just as the string was loosened and the dog jumped out.

"I declare!" exclaimed the man. "That dog was a pig when I left home. I put it into the bag myself."

We boys were a little way off, and father shouted to me, "Where have you been?"

"To the store," said I.

"Did you see this bag?"

"Yes," I acknowledged.

"Who changed the pig for the dog?" he demanded.

"I—I did," I faltered.

It was a little past supper-time and I was hungry, and I hoped father'd flog me and have it over with. But that wasn't his way. He just spoke up quiet like:

"Get out Old Rocks, put a bridle on, but no saddle, do you mind, not even a bag. Take the dog back to its owner's house, then ride to the postoffice, get the pig and bring it here. No supper for you to-night, young man."

Off I started, and do what I could. Old Rocks kept up his hard trot until I got back, at nearly midnight. I rode in all about sixteen miles, and you better believe I was so pounded and cut by that razor-backed old horse that I didn't miss not being whipped. For a week upright or horizontal positions suited me best, and whatever mischief I afterward engaged in, you may be sure involved neither pigs nor dogs.

**Slandering the Dear Departed.**  
Jawback—My mother's cooking—Mrs. Jawback—Well, she deserves it. But I didn't think you'd acknowledge it so shortly after her death.—Cleveland Leader.

A genius is usually eccentric, but an eccentric person isn't necessarily a genius.

# SONS OF VIKINGS FREE



The spirit of the ancient Vikings, who, care-free, enterprising and independent, carried the sword west and south, discovered new lands, conquering peoples, and finally bringing the new faith—Christianity—into their pagan temples, has once more asserted itself in Norway, ever the home of romance and the garden and the idyllic. Always impatient under a yoke, however light, these Northmen have dissolved the act of union by which some ninety years ago they were un-



VIEW OF MUNDAL.

willingly forced to be bound by Sweden.

Although they were forced to unite with Sweden, the Norwegians never at any time relinquished their rights they enjoyed under their Constitution. Yet there were other rights, they claimed, and the history of Norway for the last nine decades is a story of quiet, firm contention for these constitutional rights, until they have every one, save only the demand for a separate consular service, been granted. It was the refusal of the King to agree to the law passed by the Storting, demanded a separate consular service, which has threatened the act of union.

Norway is a small country—about the size of New Mexico—and one-third of it lies within the Arctic Circle. It has a population of 2,240,000, or about a quarter million less than Paris. In spite of its limited extent and its small population, Norway has a navy twice the size of Portugal's, and an army of 26,000 men, or about the size of that of the United States prior to the Spanish-American war.

The present-day Norwegian is just as much of a Viking as were those who lived and fought and conquered in the days of romance; every man in Norway must be a sailor at one period in his life, for Norway is a maritime country, and is quite as much dependent upon the seas for sustenance as is England. Consequently to sail the seas is, for the Norwegian, a national necessity. "On land," said a noted visitor to Norway a few years ago, "the Norwegians are not specially graceful, but put them into their boats, and they use the oar as the fish uses its fins; a centaur is scarcely more a part of the horse than the Norse boy or girl is part of the boat."

**Still Cunning in Seacraft.**  
With a coastline, including the shores of the fjords, of 12,000 miles, it is not remarkable that the Norsemens of to-day have retained the cunning



THE NAERODAL VALLEY.

of seacraft possessed by their ancestors. On nearly every ship that plows the waves on the bosoms of the Seven Seas will be found among officers or in the forecastle Norwegians. Like the old Vikings, they roam over the world wherever ship may take them, and like these ancient mariners, too, they have brought home word of what the world is doing.

After the Chino-Japanese war, Japan was visited by hosts of tourists, who warned others who had not seen the land of the Rising Sun to hasten ere the nation had put on its new dress. Norway, without a war, however, has awakened, too. Rapidly is the old home of the Vikings losing its picturesque. Ever since Bjornson, some thirty years ago, became an influence of modernity in Norway, the little country has advanced at a rate that would be considered tremendous had there not been in the same period more wonderful progress shown in the East.

laws stood the unfree men, the thralls, or slaves.

## Northmen in America.

It will be recognized that we are indebted for many things to the old Northmen, and it is not unlikely that they had a colony on the American coast at the end of the tenth century—that "Vinland the Good" of which there "was much talk at Brattahlid." About 995 Eric the Red discovered Greenland, and there was talk, according to a Norse account, about the other country which had been found, and which was called Vinland. An expedition of 160 men set out to find and explore it. They found a country where "no snow came in winter," and "where the inhabitants carried shields and used skin canoes." This has always been considered to point to America, but the location of Vinland the Good has not yet been indisputably settled.

About the time Greenland was discovered King Olav Trygvesson, a descendant of Harald the Fair-Haired, who had distinguished himself in his youth as a leader of the Viking army that had ravished Britain, introduced Christianity, a faith he had embraced in Britain, into Norway. King Haakon subsequently had the people revert to heathenism, but for a brief period only. Soon the new faith conquered, having been introduced into the Norwegian colonies.

From the days of the Vikings Norway has had its representative government, the ancient form having been in a manner very similar to that of the United States. Although the Northmen have had their kings, they have insisted upon having a hand in making their laws and in dispensing justice. In almost everything but name it is to-day a democracy. For the last eighty years no titles have been created, and there are no aristocratic classes such as there are in Sweden.

## It Sounded Plausible.

"That horse dealer down to Cross-town is a queer lot," remarked old Jared Billings, as he sunned himself on the horse-block and watched his neighbor mend a picket fence.

"What's the matter with him?" inquired the other, as he drove a nail home without hitting his thumb.

"What's the matter? Why, he's a sharper, he is; you've got to look alive or he'll cheat the very eyes out of you!"



WATERFALL OF LOTEFOS AND ESPELANDFOS.

the home of their ancestors and to enjoy the magic of the midnight sun and the quiet mystery of the deep, still Norwegian fjords.

The original inhabitants of Norway are believed to have migrated from the Black Sea, but when this passage took place, or rather when it began and when it ended, cannot be even approximately given. Remains of the stone age, bronze age and iron age have been discovered in the peninsula, and only serve to prove the antiquity of this Germanic people, and indicate that Norway was populated between 4,000 and 5,000 years ago.

Like that of all ancient countries, the genuine history of Norway cannot be separated from that which is mythical, and its recorded history practically begins in the ninth century. Before that time, in lieu of history, we have the romance of the Sagas and Eddas, or tales and songs, which deal in a most picturesque manner with mythological times.

## Rise of the Vikings.

With the rise of the Vikings in what has been called the later iron age in Norway, or about the year 800, real history is made in the land of fjords. They were distinctly unlike their forefathers, who were peaceable so far as their relations with the outside world were concerned. They were the personification of the mythical Valkyria—the bloodthirsty sea maidens of the god Odin—they were adventurous, courageous and worthy conquerors. They raided the North Sea, discovered new lands and founded new kingdoms in the British Isles without breaking off intercourse with their native country.

The Vikings were the progressives of the Scandinavian peninsula, and to their efforts was due the union of the tribes which in a feudal manner ruled over Norway. Before this time Norway was divided among a number of mutually independent tribes, under chieftains or jarls (earls), who directed the worship of gods and took chief command in war. In all the tribes the people's liberty was carried to the farthest extent. The free men settled their legal disputes and passed laws, and outside the community and the

I'll just tell you what he did to me last week.

"I had occasion to get a rig from him—just had to have it that very day to go to town on that court business—and that horse dealer, he said he didn't know me, and he'd lost a lot, letting things to strangers, and unless I'd leave the worth o' the rig with him then and there he wouldn't hear to my taking it.

"Well, it just so happened I had the money by me—wasn't much of a turn-out, by the way—and I put it up with him, and when I came back he handed over the price and I give up the rig.

"Well, now, what do you suppose that fellow called after me as I was putting off home? 'Hold on!' he hollered. 'You've forgot to pay for the hire.'

"Hire? I said. 'Hire? I'd like to know if I wasn't driving my own rig all the afternoon!'

"Did you ever hear the like o' that for graspingness? Yes, sir, I tell you, that horse dealer's a sharper!"

## The Society of the Turn Verein.

There are three hundred separate turner societies in the United States, divided into twenty-nine districts, with a total membership of 38,000. Seven thousand active members, or young men, are taking regular gymnastics every week, and may be called the flower of the organization for drill and exhibition purposes. About the same number of "old gentlemen" are enrolled in the gymnastic squads. Four thousand young women belong to classes in their societies. More than twenty thousand boys and girls are in the Turn Verein gymnasium and schools. In the Middle West, the turner gymnasts are in great demand as teachers in the public school systems of physical education, and a normal school under the management of the Turner Bund is conducted in Milwaukee to help supply this demand for instructors.—Ralph D. Paine, in Outlook.

When two women meet on the street and "talk awhile," one of them says when they separate: "Well, you come up." And the other one replies: "I will, thank you; you must come down."



# Bits for Bookworms

Alfred Henry Lewis, author of the Wolfville stories and sundry novels, has become the editor of the new magazine called Human Life.

During the last twenty-eight years John Vance Cheney has published 300 poems in the leading magazines, and the best of these are to appear in book form next fall from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This volume should show his lyrical powers at their best.

The Macmillan Company, New York, will publish a new story by Nancy Huston Banks, entitled "The Little Hills." The title refers to the little hills in life we all find so hard to climb. If "The Little Hills" should prove as charming a tale as "Old-field," its predecessor, the public will have occasion to be grateful to Mrs. Banks.

The home of the Cosmopolitan has been removed from Irvington-on-the-Hudson to New York City. The Twentieth Century home remains at Irvington. It is understood that, though John Brisson Walker has resigned the editorship of the Cosmopolitan and is to be succeeded by Bailey Millard, he retains the conduct of the Twentieth Century Home, and will embark in the book publishing business in the large building he erected for the Cosmopolitan.

About a mile from the western edge of New Haven, on a hillside which commands an extensive view of the city and Long Island Sound, visitors are regularly shown Lugwood, the home of Donald G. Mitchell, the Ik Marvel of those much loved books of half a century ago, "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life." Though of a previous generation, and the friend, in his day, of literary men like Washington Irving, Mr. Mitchell is still on nearly every spring day to be seen at his home, hale and hearty, even under the burden of his 83 years.

Charles Henry Webb, better known to American readers under his pseudonym, "John Paul," died May 24 at his home in New York, in his 71st year. As a boy he went to sea, but later became a journalist. In 1864 he founded "The Californian," to which Bret Harte and Mark Twain contributed; he afterward edited and published Mark Twain's first book. As a writer he is best remembered by his happy parodies. He wrote a number of books and considerable verse for the magazines. Having also an inventive turn of mind, he devised an adding machine, a cartridge holder and several other contrivances of that kind.

Now that the last of Henry James' articles on New England has appeared in the North American Review it is interesting to listen to the comments of a puzzled public. The general verdict seems to be that unless the reader belongs to the exclusive class that can boast, like Hamilton Mable's fabled lady, of being able to "read Henry James in the original," he will get but the vaguest impression of Mr. James' "Impressions." Yet out of the fog some thoughts shine clearly. We know that the "ancient analyst" found much to admire in American scenery, even though the American sky is "too frequently peeled of clouds." We know, too, that in this "empty sky" the "huge democratic broom" seemed forever being brandished, and that wherever he went he was much struck with the "overwhelming preponderance of the unmitigated business man." Equally forcible is his conviction that over the land the women appear to be of a markedly finer texture than the men.

## HIS PRIVILEGE.

No servant, however secure in the affections of his master, ever went farther than little Pagal, who, says Miss Cornelia Sorabji in "Sun-Babes," pulled the sun, or fan, in the "Presence's" chamber. One afternoon the mistress of the house came home earlier than usual, and there she found Pagal on the lowest of the steps leading into the master's room, taking a bath. He was gurgling and dancing in his single wet garment, pouring the water over his head, and trying to catch it in his mouth.

A ring of angry servants stood about him, scolding and threatening; but Pagal cared nothing for them. "Yes, yes," he said, "the water carrier will have to fill the tubs anew in the morning; but what of that?"

And he ran round and round in a ring, to dry himself. It was then that the mistress appeared, and the servants openly exulted.

"Now, at last," cried they, "will the Presences know what manner of fiend thou art!"

Pagal broke through the circle, to fetch his livery, which hung on a low-reaching branch of a mango-tree. It was an old union jack, which had probably been used, in its first estate, as a decoration for some street parade. Pagal draped it about him toga-wise, and then in a moment was back before his mistress and his accusers, standing, in his usual manner, head bent, scratching the ground with his toes.

"Pagal," began the mistress, "what would the sahib say if he saw you? You were visible from the drive, and you so careful about the honor of your sahib's house! There was the

well, or pump at which you might have bathed, near the servants' quarters."

"It is true," he answered, meekly. "But where should my master's slave live and move except upon his doorstep? Yesterday I saw a little sparrow bathing in this same tub of water. And I—could I be of less value to my sahib than that little sparrow thing? Surely not!"

Then, after a pause, he added, with his most innocent air, "I take great care not to invade the Miss Sahib's part of the building. The Miss Sahib knows that."

He looked up with his sweetest, most beaming smile. He had put the "Miss Sahib" in her proper place.

## MANAGING MOTHER.

How Her Daughter-in-Law Tried to Do It, and Failed.

The first three days of Mrs. Borrow's visit her daughter-in-law stood it heroically; the next three days she fidgeted; the seventh she spoke out. She tried to speak considerably, but she felt that she could not endure it any longer. In the country, of course, it was all right to wear aprons mornings, but in the city—why, no one except servants wore aprons in these days.

Mrs. Borrow's little wrinkled fingers smoothed nervously the immaculate polka-dot apron; polka-dots had always been her favorite pattern.

"They're always fresh, Gertrude," she pleaded.

"Of course they are," Gertrude conceded, generously, "but the point is, nobody thinks of wearing them."

Mrs. Borrow sighed. Gertrude could not guess all that wistful sigh covered—the frugality of long, happy years, when every cent was being saved to send James to college. One wore aprons then to save one's dress, and now—perhaps now, in James' beautiful home, one wore them for memory!

"I'd be real sorry to seem set, Gertrude," she said, "but it don't seem as if I could stop wearing them, somehow. I'd feel as if I wasn't dressed proper. I guess," with a tremulous little laugh, "I'd 'twould take a real upheaval to change me. If you could manage that, now—"

Gertrude smiled at that—she was a splendid manager.

The next morning, when Mrs. Borrow went for a fresh apron, there was none in her drawer. She hunted through all the drawers—not an apron. For a long while she stood looking thoughtfully at a picture which she did not see. When the breakfast-bell rang, she went downstairs smiling and unperturbed; once, happening to glance down at her apronless dress, she started hurriedly, but the next moment she remembered.

It appeared to be Gertrude's day for her French class, so that she was away all the morning. When she returned, the two had a harmonious luncheon together, and then went to the library, Gertrude for a book and Mrs. Borrow for her knitting, which she had left there. Presently Gertrude, who had been hunting about the room, stopped in perplexity.

"Mother," she asked, "have you seen that book I was reading yesterday?"

"A novel, wasn't it?" Mrs. Borrow asked, placidly.

"Yes, that red-covered one."

"It always did annoy me," the little old lady remarked, evasively, "to see a grown woman reading in the day-time; it looks so shiftless."

With sudden enlightenment Gertrude glanced again at the table, where she had left half a dozen new novels the day before; every one had disappeared.

"I know you feel about it the way I do," the serene voice went on, "for I heard you say the other morning that you'd ought to break yourself of reading so many novels."

Fortunately, Gertrude had a sense of humor, and it was equal to the situation.

"After all, mother," she said, "I believe I do like your aprons mornings. Somehow you don't look natural without them."

## A Pertinent Question.

The late Capt. Alfred Rice, the noted shad fisherman on the Delaware River, was no less remarkable for personal cleanliness than for his unequalled handling of the mile long seine.

Capt. Rice was not only clean and neat himself, he insisted upon cleanliness and neatness in his men. If a new man proved to be a sloven, he very soon mended his ways under the captain's frank criticisms, or else he sought another job.

There was a new man one shad season who always wore a dirty white shirt. In shad fishing it is best to wear a black jersey. If, however, a white shirt is chosen, there is no reason why it should not be a clean one. So, at least, Capt. Rice thought.

He stood his new man's dirty white shirts for a month. Then, calling the fisherman up to him, he said:

"Friend, who the deuce is that you always get to wear your shirts the first week for you?"—San Antonio Express.

## Triole.

She tied my bow tie

And I stooped down and kissed her;

'Twas done on the sly—

She tied my bow tie,

And I wished, with a sigh,

That she wasn't my sister!

She tied my bow tie,

And I stooped down and kissed her.

—Cleveland Leader.

## Dilatatory.

It seems to be evident that the Sultan of Morocco will have to raise his bid of \$2 apiece for the heads of five slow enemies. The enemies are very slow about bringing in the heads and claiming the reward.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## HEIRESS WEARS RING IN HER NOSE.



MRS. POWERS GOURAUD.

Mrs. Powers Gouraud, formerly Miss Gladys Crocker, who is heiress to a \$3,000,000 estate, has a hobby for Egyptian costume, and has had taken a picture in which she is garbed in an ancient robe of the Orient, with a costly ring hanging from one side of her nose.

## MARVELOUS FEATS OF MEMORY.

Napoleon Able to Repeat Names of Every Soldier in a Regiment.

Both Napoleon I. and III. had extraordinary powers of memory. It is said of the first that he could repeat the names of his fullest regiment, having heard the list but once read. Later in life, discovering one of his old soldiers in a certain stonecutter, he was able to tell at once the rank he held in the army, the exact corps and regiment he belonged to, where he had served and the individual character he had borne for bravery.

Seneca complained of old age when he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 words in the order in which they were read. The Druids taught their whole circle of sciences in 20,000 verses, which students were called upon to commit to memory, a task frequently taking twenty years.

It is related of Wiegis, a German violinist, that upon the discovery that the score of a certain valuable opera had been lost he volunteered to write it from memory. This he successfully did, to the nicest details, and was paid a handsome sum of money. Upon many occasions Wiegis accurately performed his part at the opera when he was so intoxicated as to make it necessary to provide him with his instrument and adjust it in his hands.

Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides. Lord Granville repeated the New Testament from beginning to end in the original Greek, and Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper.

Strazinski was said to know the name and place of the Astor library. The same was said of the old librarian, Magliabechi, who, besides knowing the name of every book of his vast library, could repeat the contents of a great number of them, and could tell any inquirer not only what book would best satisfy his wishes, but the chapter and page where the desired data could be found.

Mirandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times over and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer is said to have committed to memory in three months an entire translation of the Bible, and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil word for word.

Lastly, Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil and Horace, besides many other works.

## How a Chinaman Smokes.

Of all the smokers the Chinaman goes to the greatest trouble and obtains the least result. "He carries," says an observer, "a little box almost twice the size of an ordinary silver cigarette case. This is half filled with water. In one end is a removable tiny tube to serve as a pipe. At the other end is the pipstem. First of all he takes out the tube and blows through it to remove all blockage. Then he fumbles through his awkward clothes, searching for tobacco, and produces a bit of rag, in which it is wrapped. Carefully he extracts a wad of tobacco, puts away his rag and slowly plugs the tube, which holds perhaps the tenth part of an ordinary cigarette. But he never has any matches, so he has to borrow or hunt out a brown paper stem and light it. It glows for a long time and can be puffed into flame again. He gives a long draw, slowly enjoying it to its full extent for a minute or two, then back again through the old routine to find his tobacco, fill his pipe and get it lighted."

## Remarkable Escapes.

One of the most remarkable escapes from drowning on record was that of a man whom a wave picked off from a vessel, washed into the sea off Lundy Island, near the Devonshire coast, England, and then returned to his ship. But it was not so remarkable a case as that which is suggested by an epitaph said still to exist in Jamaica: "Here lieth the body of Lewis Gaidy, Esq., who died on the 22d of September, 1737, aged 80. He was born at Montpellier, in France, which place he left for his religion and settled on this island, where in the great earthquake, 1672, he was swallowed up and, by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat and thus miraculously saved. He afterward lived in great reputation and died universally lamented."



Sax—Your new auto is sixteen horse power, isn't it? Fox—Um! Sixteen balky horse power.—Brooklyn Life.

Diner—I've been waiting half an hour for that chicken I ordered. Waiter—You have an uncommon amount of patience, sir.—Judge.

She—Is skin grafting a very late discovery? He—No, it is only a new branch of a very old art; all grafting is a skin profess.—Detroit Free Press.

Sometimes a man is despised for twenty or thirty years because he is so stingy, and then envied all the rest of his life because he is so rich.—Somerville Journal.

"You haven't been here long," remarked the Ink-well. "No," replied the blotter. "How do you like your work?" "Well, its certainly absorbing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Husband—You ought to know more than to order a pearl necklace when you know how I'm fixed! Wife—Why, John, do you think I want everybody to know how you're fixed?—Puck.

"Well, Doctors Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

Mistress (to applicant for cook's position)—Why did you leave your last place? Applicant—You are very inquisitive, marm. I didn't ax yer what for yer last cook left you.—Plick-Me-Up.

Miss Innit—You seemed bored at the theater last night, Mr. Knott. Don't you like Shakespeare? Mr. Wyso Knott—Oh, Shakespeare's all right, I s'pose, but I wisht he'd turn out something new.—Ex.

"Albert, dear, while looking through some of your old clothes, I made such a lucky find that I ordered a new dress on the strength of it." "What was it, dear?" "Half a dozen checks that had never been written on."

Rastus (to druggist)—Look hyah, misteh. Yo' all sole me some stuff to make Easteh aigs yestuddy. Druggist—Well? Rastus—Well, I feed hit to dem hens, an' dey ain' lay no aigs—dey lay down en' die.

Mrs. Smith—Had your daughter a pleasant voyage? Mrs. Newrich—Yes, but they must have had an accident. She wrote she landed on Terra Firma, and I know the boat was bound for Liverpool.—New York Mail.

Growell (in cheap restaurant)—Here, waiter! Are these mutton or pork chops? Waiter—Can't you tell by the taste? Growell—No. Waiter—Then what difference does it make what they are?—Illustrated Bits.

Mamma—I thought there was an apple on the sideboard and I was going to give it to you, but I find it isn't there! Freddy—Well, will you give me something else, mummy, 'cos it wasn't a very good one?—Punch.

"One-half of the world's happiness is solved when a person learns to mind his own business." "Yes, but it's the other half that causes the most trouble." "What's that?" "Getting other people to mind theirs."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Gadabout—People are saying you called on Mrs. Verdigris the other day and got a setback. Mrs. Upjohn—What a wilful perversion of truth! I called on her, and got back a set of Dickens that I'd loaned her two years before.

Mrs. Nuwad—Here's the bread I started to make to-day. Isn't it too annoying? Mr. Nuwad—Why, it isn't baked at all. Mrs. Nuwad—I know it isn't; that's just it. I put plenty of baking powder in it, but it doesn't seem to have worked.

La Montt—Children are so much worse than they used to be. What do you attribute it to? La Moyne—Improved ideas in building. La Montt—What has that to do with it? La Moyne—Much. Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof.

A Process Reversed: "You regard campaign calculations as a distinct branch of mathematics?" "Yes," answered the erudite personage. "The method differs from all others. You start with the answer, and then work backward and evolve a problem to demonstrate it."

## Cold Mine 3,000 Feet Deep.

The deepest gold mine in the world is said to be at Bendigo, Australia. It is called the New Chum mine, and its main shaft is sunk to a depth of three-quarters of a mile. The most difficult problem of working a mine of such depth is how to keep the tunnels and general workings cool enough for the miners to work. The temperature is usually about 108 degrees, and this is, of course, greatly enervating. To make it possible for the men to work at all a spray of cold water is let down from above and kept continually playing on their bodies. They are naked from the waist up.

## More Trouble.

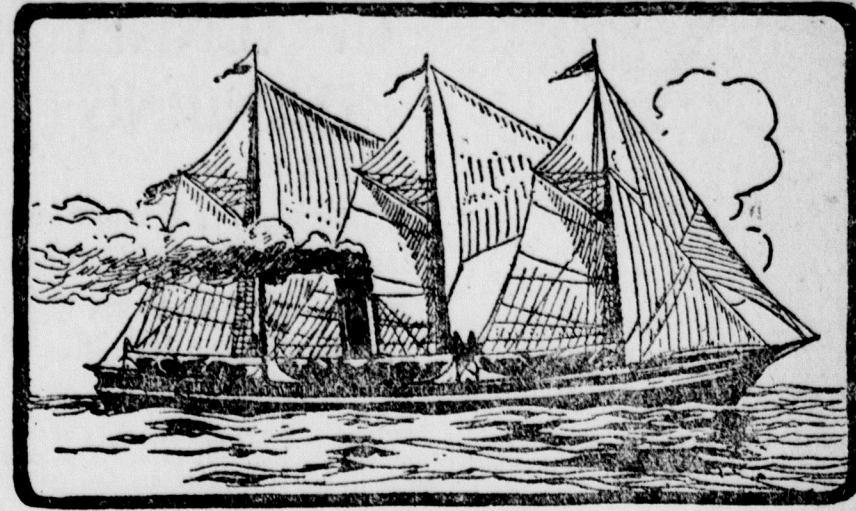
Patience—What is that the choir is singing?

Patrice—Oh, that's called "The Battle Song." "Gracious! Is the choir going to have another fight?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The young man who gets a good start in life doesn't always make a satisfactory finish.

A pretty girl can teach a man anything but common sense.

## "WHITE PLAGUE" SUFFERERS GO TO THE POLAR SEAS FOR HEALTH.



THE HAVANA.

Thirty victims of tuberculosis went aboard the steamer Havana, in charge of Dr. Frederick Schöen, of Washington, at Halifax, the other day, preparatory to a voyage for health quite without a parallel in medical records.

Demonstrations recently made have established beyond a doubt that the fresh-air-and-sunshine cure is almost infallible. But under ordinary conditions it is a slow and tedious operation, requiring more time than the average person has to spare in this strenuous age. Dr. Schöen believes that three months spent in the germproof regions of the North will rout the disease sufficiently for the victim to throw it off completely.

July, August and September above the Arctic circle will be three months



AN INLAND STATION.

of never-ceasing sunshine—every hour in the twenty-four. Think of the curative properties stored in a continuous sun bath of fourteen weeks! For it is into such a polar day that the Havana will sail with her crew and thirty candidates for the polar cure.

"The plan," said Dr. Schöen, recently, in speaking of the expedition, "has been a dream of mine for many years, and, through the aid of a number of generous men, it will now be put into operation. It is the sequel to my own experience in the polar regions. I accompanied Commander Peary in 1897, and was, at the time, slightly affected by tuberculosis myself. I improved so rapidly, despite the hardships of the journey, and was so vastly benefited that I was struck with wonder at what the Arctic regions could do for persons so affected. That, to repeat, was during the 1897 expedition.

"Five years afterward, on accompanying the Peary relief expedition, I made an exhaustive study of the subject of the curative properties of the far north for consumption. In order to bring the reader to a better realization of this vast and vital scourge, it may be said that tubercle bacilli do not necessarily lead to hopeless extremes, but it is the resulting mixed infection with pyogenic organisms which occasions danger. The indications are to have an environment free from all sources of dangerous extra infection and to secure such other conditions as to encourage a restoration of vitality and vigor by which the disease is stifled, so to say.

"These conditions can be met in perfection in some of the Greenland fjords. The suggestion of their adaptability to this purpose has nothing strange or experimental for its foundation. It proposes something easily obtainable and better than we have at present—the

highest development of all that has proved beneficial in the rational treatment of tuberculosis.

"Our present procedure, if thoroughly carried out, ought to cure a proportion of cases far beyond what are usually accepted as fair results. One person in four contracts tuberculosis, and one death in seven is from this cause alone—which would imply only 44 per cent of recoveries.

"Making due allowance for deficiencies in statistics, it would seem that only about one-third of all who contract tuberculosis recover. The great majority of cases happen under very unfavorable conditions and have a mortality much higher than the average. Therefore, to offset this, we must consider that there is a smaller class comprising slight attacks under favorable conditions that has nearly 100 per cent of recoveries.

"A summer spent in Omenak fjord or Ingfield gulf, where we purpose anchoring and biding a while, would serve to establish a cure, or insure its accomplishment afterward, in nearly all cases not hopelessly advanced. Three consumptives to my knowledge have gone to these places, and in each case the cure was immediate and effectual. Two of them were for three months in the Peary expedition, and the third, a well-advanced case, was for nine months aboard a whaler. Some Eskimos brought to this country soon contracted virulent tuberculosis, four of them quickly succumbing, one being still uncured here, while the only one who returned to his native snows recovered. One hundred per cent of recoveries in four cases is, of course, not conclusive evidence, still it includes all known cases. So we are warranted in drawing the most promising conclusions.

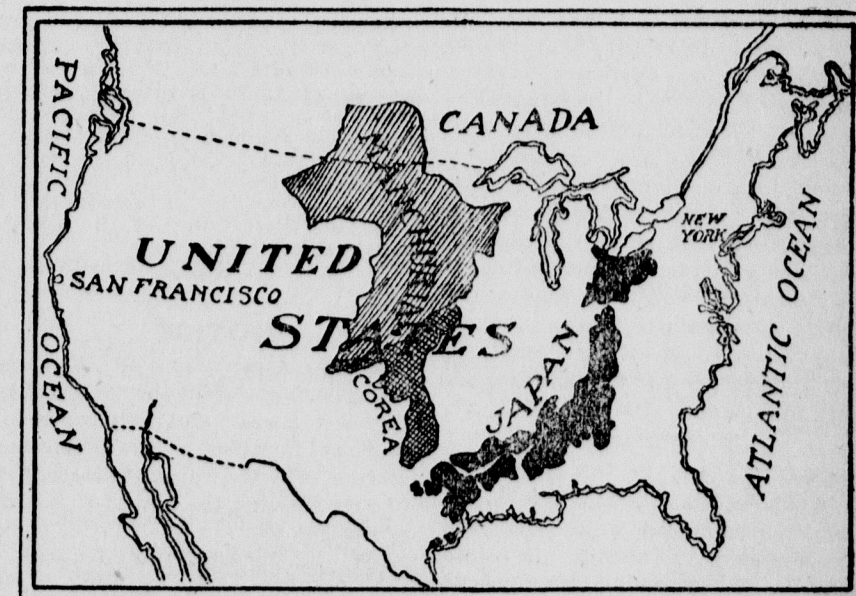
"The climatic conditions in Greenland above the Arctic circle are ideal for this purpose. Even at our best consumption resorts in the United States the patients have good days and bad nights. They may not venture into the dew-drenched air, and ordinarily lose at night what is gained by day. The secret of the open-air treatment for this terrible disease is abundant sunlight and a dry, cold, bracing atmosphere. These three ingredients abound only in the very far north during the three months of sunshine. Almost to the northernmost boundary of Greenland, and some degrees above the Arctic circle, the summer temperature seldom falls below freezing, the mercury being generally above in July and August, when it ranges from 35 to 45 degrees. There is no increase of heat during the day and no cooling off at night, for nights there are none.

"The natives of northern Greenland do not have tuberculosis, though there have been opportunities for infection in the tribes. One reason for this—and it is to be pondered—is that catarrhal conditions do not occur, since bacteria are not native there.

"I have made exhaustive bacteriological searches in northern Greenland, and have never found a disease germ, for they absolutely cannot exist there, much less spread.

"The Havana is, so far as possible, adapted admirably to such an expedition. It has been entirely renovated, fumigated, and furnished after the sanitary manner of a hospital ship, with many added comforts. In other words, the vessel differs in no wise from a model sanatorium except that it is movable. We will take a roving commission, so to say, stopping here or there as occasion may warrant, moving from gulf to gulf, from harbor to harbor, so as to have a sufficient change of scenery to provide against monotony. We expect to be back in Halifax early in October or possibly by Sept. 30."

## EXTENT OF NEW JAPAN COMPARED WITH THE UNITED STATES.



## Lead a Regular Life.

Very few persons understand the value of regularity of habits. Meals and sleeping hours should be fixed ones, for only harm can result from retreating one night at 10 and another at 12 o'clock, unless the rising varies, too. Eight hours' sleep one night and six the next is not the way in which to woo and keep health, and if a similar habit of taking nourishment is encouraged there is little hope of reaching old age in a creditable condition. If ever you are tempted to prove or dis-

prove these statements, try going to bed at 9 o'clock every night for three months, and rising at 5 and eating at 6, 12 and 6 again, with never a break in the routine. The result will surprise you.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Perhaps one reason why a poor man lives longer than a rich one is that the doctors don't take so much interest in him.

We have noticed that some of the princesses in eating an ice cream soda, take awfully big bites.



# THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
One Year, in advance.....\$1.50  
Six Months, ".....75  
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Advertising rates furnished on application.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1905.

The Improvement Club made a most excellent beginning towards getting our main street cleaned up. Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a town than does clean streets. Every householder and every business man should take a practical interest in this matter. Loose paper, dirt and waste of all kinds should be kept off the streets.

Our town is growing at a very satisfactory rate and, while every one feels glad over such improvement, it may not be amiss to suggest that well-improved streets, clean yards, green lawns and attractive buildings will induce temporary visitors to become permanent residents and so cause other houses to be built and beautiful homes to be established.

In connection with the subject of clean streets it occurs to the writer that thus far the Improvement Club has borne the brunt and burden of the work alone, or practically so. The club should have the support of every citizen. Cash contribution is a very effective sort of support and we are sure good use will be made of all such aid by the ladies of the club.

The California Promotion Committee is moving for a permanent central organization to include all the Pacific Coast States and the States and Territories immediately identified with the advancement of the Pacific Coast. Other organizations are already co-operating with the California Promotion Committee in this grand movement.

On Tuesday evening, August 8th, the citizens of San Bruno School District are invited and urged to be present and take part in the meeting to be held at Butchers' Hall to locate a site for the new schoolhouse and other business. It is of the utmost importance that the people of this district attend said meeting. The sum of \$21,250 will be invested somewhere in this town in a schoolhouse and schoolhouse site. It is for the people to say where the schoolhouse shall stand, to determine the site which will be the best for, not only the present, but the future. This duty should not be shirked. There should be a full meeting and thorough discussion before final action is taken and that important matter must and will be determined at Butchers' Hall next Tuesday evening.

We call attention to the petition for lighting the Mission Road and for building the proposed boulevard, which is on the desk of the Power and Light Company in the Postoffice building. Every citizen should sign the paper and bring the matter before the Board of Supervisors. Good roads make good big towns. Nothing adds so surely to the value of real estate so surely as good roads. What a magnificent advertisement would it be for this peninsula to be able to proclaim that the great old historical Mission San Jose Road was illuminated at night by electric lights from San Francisco to Palo Alto and on down through Santa Clara county to San Jose. How many thousands would such improvement add to the villages, towns and growing cities of this beautiful peninsula, and how many hundreds of thousands to assessed values along the road. It will cost money to light the road, but it will pay the cost many fold to make the improvement.

## CALIFORNIA LEADS IN THE ORGANIZED WORK OF STATE DEVELOPMENT.

In this organized work California takes the lead. This State has more Chambers of Commerce, development organizations and promotion associations than any other State. Outside of California, Canada and New Zealand are conspicuous for the efforts made to attract settlers, but in these countries the work is largely, if not entirely, supported by the government and recognized as a government function. Though every one in California takes interest in the development of the State, active work is performed by the various development associations which are supported by the people, and the whole represents public sentiment for the upbuilding of California.

# LEAVES CORE OF TUNNEL STANDING

William Hood is Revolutionizing the Work by What He Is Doing at Present on the Bay-Shore Cut-Off.

William Hood, chief engineer of the Southern Pacific, has revolutionized the building of tunnels in the work that he is doing at present on those on the Bay Shore Cut-off.

Instead of making a complete excavation, Mr. Hood is tunneling for both tracks, leaving the core of the tunnel standing. By this is meant that the passageway for the two tracks is being completed and when this is finished then a steam shovel will be put to work to take out the core.

Two trains will be run into the tunnel and the earth loaded on to freight cars and taken out.

Mr. Hood, by this plan, obviates the necessity of heavy timbering and by the cementing of the walls of the tunnel as their work goes along he hopes to have the line opened in about ten months.

There are five tunnels to be built and the work is being pushed both by night and by day. There is an enormous number of men engaged on the construction and by electric lighting of the tunnels the night force is enabled to work without experiencing any difficulty.

The tunnels are thirty-two feet in breadth and that gives sufficient room for men to be in the tunnel when a train passes.

In other tunnels there are wide spaces for men to take shelter, but in these five tunnels there is no necessity for men seeking a safe spot to avoid being mangled or killed.

The first of these tunnels is under the Catholic Orphanage, and the longest one, which is 4000 feet, is under Visitation Point.—S. F. Chronicle.

## ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.

An equable and healthful climate.

The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

## RULE FOR PAYMENT OF WATER RATES.

It Will Be Enforced.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company has directed the local collector to give notice of and rigidly enforce its rules for the payment of the water rates in this town. The August water rate must be paid on or before the last day of August. If not paid the water will in every instance be shut off on the 1st day of September and it will cost one dollar extra in every instance to have the water again turned on. This rule will apply to every month in the year; that is to say, the water rate MUST be paid within or before the end of the current month. No exceptions will be made and this rule will be rigidly enforced.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that teams must not be left standing on the streets of South San Francisco without being tied to a hitching post or otherwise secured; and hereafter in every case where a team is left unsecured and runs away upon the streets of said town the driver of such team will be promptly arrested and a charge of "disturbance of the peace" placed against him.

R. J. CARROLL, Constable.

## NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 4 and 5 o'clock p. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

## FOR SALE.

One-horse buggy. Good condition. For price enquire of

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## TO LET.

A fine flat of eight rooms, new, in heart of business district, on Grand avenue. Enquire at Postoffice. tf

## A CARD.

I am prepared to give lessons in water-colors and oil to a limited number of pupils at my home on Commercial avenue. Classes to suit beginners or advanced pupils on Wednesday and Saturday.

MRS. J. P. FROST.

## THAT BOY O' ROGERS.

That boy o' Rogers—Lord spare me from raisin' sech a brat as he! Ef ever mischief was boiled down into a freckled, red-haired clown, An' turned loose on two spindlin' shanks, T' bother mankind with his pranks, 'Twas that ar boy o' Rogers!

Th' wa'n't no question that he'd be inside th' penitentiary afore he was a man full grown. He could conspire more tricks alone Than any boy I ever seed, Th' biggest scamp, we all agreed, Was that ar boy o' Rogers!

He turned up missin'—went out West, I 'low we thought it was th' best thing that had ever happened yet, When he made up his mind t' git. For us he couldn't go too fur, An' we all said "Good riddance," sir, T' that ar boy o' Rogers!

He left us twenty years ago; I was out West a month or so Las' spring, an', Jack, my boy, says he: "I'll take ye up to-day t' see Th' Governor!" Wall, sir, I'm cussed, I know him when I seed him fust, 'Twas that ar boy o' Rogers!" —Bismarck (N. D.) Tribune.

## BETTY'S BET

SUPPOSE that's a fresh victim, Miss Betty," drawled a stout man from the depths of a garden arm chair.

Miss Betty was a slender young person in green muslin who stood near the arm chair with a racket in her hand and turned as the speaker waved his cigar towards the tennis lawn below.

"I dare say," she answered composedly, stooping to tie her shoe.

"Bet you he isn't," returned the stout man quickly, and a couple of bystanders joined in his laugh.

A delicate flush rose in the girl's cheeks, but she answered coolly, "Why do you suppose he is exceptional?"

"Oh, he's a man of the world, he is," answered the stout man jovially. "And he's a swell—not like us poor City Johnnies—had lots of experience," he added with a laugh. "Come, now, you look so jolly confident, what will you bet on it? You must bet or I'll believe you're climbing down."

"I don't care if I do," she returned, with a look of scarcely veiled contempt at the laughing group of men. "What will you go?"

The fat man pulled himself up in his chair and his eyes twinkled. He knew Ralph Pyne pretty well, and he knew he would not easily be made a fool of. Also he did not at all wish Pyne to fall into the snares of Miss Betty Langley. There was a certain lovely Rebecca Cohen, his own niece, who would make a more satisfactory Mrs. Pyne to his thinking. But Betty was dangerous—decidedly dangerous, unless she could be induced to cut her own throat.

"Well, I'll go as far as a pin."

"Diamond?"

"Hum—yes—hanged if I won't stand a diamond pin."

"Done, Mr. Juarez," answered Betty as she moved away, and Mr. Juarez chuckled as he sank back among his cushions. "If Miss Bet tries any of her games on with that Johnnie he'll bolt, and, possibly, I may have the catching of him."

Ralph Pyne had already spent two days in Betty's company, and had enjoyed himself as most men did under the circumstances, and he was not at all loath to escort her home by the short cut through the covert after she had superintended the shooters' tea at the gamekeeper's cottage. Betty was uncommon good company, as good as a younger brother, and much better to look at. Probably it was because she was so brusque and boyish that most men found themselves proposing to her—quite unexpectedly to themselves, for no one could think of sentiment and Betty Langley in the same hour.

"No humbug about her! regular good sort," the blinded victims used to say, and played on—lawn tennis, billiards, hide and seek—regardless of their doom, and their doom never varied.

"How hot it is," cried Betty suddenly; "don't you think there is going to be an earthquake?"

"Is it hot before earthquakes?" returned Mr. Pyne. "That is an interesting bit of general information."

"Oh, people always say they feel queer before earthquakes—" but a sharp rustle among the leaves interrupted her lecture. "Good gracious, it's raining! And there is thunder! Now we are in a fix," and gathering up her skirts she started to run.

"All right, there's a pile of fagots just beyond," cried Pyne, "no end of a fine shelter. See? as they dashed on side by side, and he pulled back the dripping branches and showed the pile which the woodcutters had arranged as a sort of wigwam."

Crouched down in shelter Betty soon regained her breath and began to chatter again. "Now this is romantic, and it will end in my getting bronchitis, and you'll get pneumonia, and we can't go to the Lorimers' dance."

"But alas! I shan't go to the Lorimers' dance anyhow. I am off to-morrow."

"Oh, I say! What for? What a shame!"

"My sister has wired she's coming back from India and will be at Southampton, and an earthquake would be a trifle compared to the tempest if I didn't meet her to-morrow night."

Betty is silent. He is going to-morrow and she has just remembered her bet. She feels rather sick at it—and yet, no, that odious Mr. Juarez would chuckle. He has always hated her, she knows, since she said no to him

and his shekels, and he would hate to pay up his bet; and how she would like to own—just one—diamond! Betty's face is her fortune and has not brought her any diamonds as yet—only offers of them, for an equivalent. But she can't flirt with Ralph Pyne. She has, she knows, amused herself a little sometimes with some men, but they are such idiots. Mr. Pyne is different; she can't treat him so. And then she recklessly determines to make a clean breast of it.

"Mr. Pyne, I wish you'd do something for me."

"With pleasure."

"You can get me a diamond pin if you like."

"Delighted, I am sure; but how?"

"I want you to propose to me. Don't be frightened; I'll say no, and I won't tell till you're gone."

"Oh! a bet I presume?" he answered a trifle grimly.

"Yes, that odious Mr. Juarez. They are all odious, but he is the worst. He bet you wouldn't propose, because, you see, they all do; and then, of course, they sulk and uncle swears at me. But we've been kind of friends, and you're too good sort for that," she ended a little incoherently, "so I thought I might as well tell you about it."

"Yes; uncommonly good-natured of you. And he's bet a pin," and Mr. Pyne considers what a charming uncle Miss Rebecca Cohen owns.

"Yes; I haven't any jewelry, and I do want to score off that beast," and Betty suddenly grew scarlet from anger. Her blushes were not in the habit of intruding themselves.

"Miss Elizabeth Langley, I lay my hand and heart at your feet."

"Declined with thanks," cried Betty with a peal of laughter. "Now shake hands," and they shook hands.

The shower had ceased and Betty rose to her feet and shook the dead leaves from her skirts.

For a little while Ralph Pyne walked on in deep meditation. Suddenly he spoke. "Miss Betty, what assurance have you that Juarez will admit you have won your bet?"

"What assurance! Isn't my word enough?" she returned.

"It would make it a good deal surer if you told him you are engaged to me," he answered calmly.

Betty sprang back, her face pale and her eyes blazing.

"How dare you! How dare you! And I thought we were friends," she ended with a smothered sob and vanished among the trees, and Ralph Pyne muttered something between his teeth about a fool and went back to the house.

An hour later a very pale and subdued Betty came gliding through the shrubberies. It was already evening, and the house was brightly lit up and the sound of voices and click of balls sounded from the billiard room. As she put her foot on the veranda Mr. Juarez strolled out of the open billiard room window.

"Hullo, Miss Bet," he shouted hilariously, "I've got news for you."

"I am afraid I cannot stop to hear it; the dressing gong has sounded."

"Oh, but you've got to stop," he laughed, laying his fat hand on her shoulder. It was obvious that tea had not been the afternoon refreshment in the billiard room.

"You've got to stop and hear my news. Pyne is off. Says he's sent for by telegram and must be off by the 8:10. We know better, don't we? He's scared. But don't fret, my dear," he continued, changing his tone to one of maudlin tenderness, "you shan't be a loser by him. You shall have your pin all the same. Now doesn't that deserve a kiss for thanks?"

His odious arm was round her. Betty gave a cry of disgust and twisted herself away. At the same moment a gentle push sent Mr. Juarez staggering to the end of the veranda, and a cool voice said, "I'll thank you to treat this lady with a little more respect."

"What the dickens have you got to say to it?" shouted Juarez, who was brought up short by the trellis at the end of the veranda and stood leaning against its friendly support.

"Only that she has done me the honor to promise to be my wife," was the quiet reply in a different tone to the impassioned whisper that implored, "You won't go back on me now, Betty?"

Betty was sobbing too heartily on his shoulder to say no, and silence gave consent.—Tattler.

Gave Son Permission to Set.

"One of the odd things that I saw in the trip up the east coast of Africa was the permission given each day by one of the kings for the sun to set," said a man who recently made a trip to South Africa. "At one of the ports where we stopped the soldiers were drawn up on the parade ground before the royal palace as the sun was setting. With pomp and ceremony the ruler advanced to the front of the balcony on the second floor and majestically waved his hand toward the sun."

"One of his subjects explained to me that it was the royal sanction for the sun to set. When asked as to whether the ruler gave his permission for the sun to rise in the morning the man replied that the sun must always rise before the ruler, but that it could never go down unless the royal hand waved approval. The king who did this was the Sultan of Zanzibar."

"I hardly believed that he himself was sincere in thinking his permission necessary, for he was educated for four years at Harrow College in England, but the performance was to increase the belief among the subjects in his divine origin."

He who has hopes for to-morrow seldom worries about the failures of yesterday.

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# PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

## A BOY ON A FARM.

By Charles Dudley Warner.

Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What a boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum always in demand, and always expected to do the thousand and one things that nobody else will do. Upon him falls the odds and ends, the most difficult things. After everybody else is through, he is to finish up. His work is like a woman's—perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to cook a good dinner than to wash the dishes afterwards. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do—things that must be done, or life would actually stop. It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post office, and carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as the centipede they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate in about the same way. This he tries to do, and the people who have seen him "turning cartwheels" along the side of the road supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time—he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs and do his errands with greater dispatch. He practices standing on his head in order to accustom himself to any position. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would willingly go on an errand any distance if he could leap-frog it with a few boys. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business; this is why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, he is absent so long; for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a pen-spout, to put his hand over the spout and squirt the water a little while. He is the one who spreads the grass as the men cut it; he stows it away in the barn; he rides the horse to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the cows, and turns out the cows. Whether he is in the house or out of the house, there is always something to do. Just before school in the winter he shovels paths; in the summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet flags, but, instead of going for them, he is to stay indoors and pare apples and stone raisins and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupation, he is "an idle boy who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores." He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do all the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

## WANT MEN WHO CAN DO THINGS.

By David L. Hall.

To-day the millionaire who heads a great business takes such a true measure of the men under him that he is not likely to fail to recognize it if they have ability. The man with the ambition to succeed who has selected his line of achievement has only to be certain that he has the qualities which will enable him to make good and to be ready to recognize his opportunity when it comes. He does not, as a rule, have to overcome prejudice on the part of the man who needs assistance. "We want men who can do things," said Pierpont Morgan to a group of men in a consultation during which came up the question of finding a way to connect a certain railway system with Pittsburgh. It was in answer to a suggestion made by George F. Baer, the carrying out of which had a strong influence later in making him the president of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway. All but Baer had expressed their opinion that legally the thing was impos-

## THE WAY.

The pathway to the Land of Life  
Passes the threshold of my door.  
It turns down yonder narrow street,  
Hedged by the dwellings of the poor.  
It winds beside the house of woe,  
Under lit panes where watchers wait,  
Who strive too swiftly on that road  
Reaches the end too late.

But he who pauses, turning back,  
For deed of love, for word of cheer,  
Faithful, unshaking, unafraid,  
Nor wondering if the end be near—  
Lo! where the shadow blackest falls,  
While yet he seems midstmost the strife,  
Enters through the uplifted gates  
Into the Land of Life.  
—Independent.

## AN INHERITANCE.

MY boy, I have sent for you to make a very important announcement. Since the Earl of Ballincorne is dead, childless, you are the rightful heir to that earldom. No, don't smile incredulously, thinking your old grandmother to be wandering or in her second childhood, but listen to what I am about to tell you.

I wish I could make you understand the difference in this early part of the nineteenth century, when Mr. Stephenson has succeeded in drawing coaches by steam, and the middle of the eighteenth century, when coaching was in its prime and we who rode had the excitement of an occasional robbery. The highwayman was not the brute who now murders first and robs afterwards, but was often chivalrous, especially to women. When I was a girl of 20, I traveled from London to York with my father, and on the road we met one of those gentlemen. We were passing a lonely part of the road in the dusk of the evening, when we heard an order to the coachman to stop. A masked man rode up to the coach window holding a pistol in our faces and demanding our valuables. His voice was soft and musical, and his hand was white and shapely, and I noticed that the lace that fell over it was of the finest texture.

My father had but little money with him, but he did have a valuable snuff-box that had been presented him by the king himself. He told the high-

sible. Morgan finally turned to Mr. Baer and said: "What do you think about it?" Mr. Baer replied: "I think it can be done."

Mr. Morgan looked at him a moment, and with a hearty slap on the back exclaimed: "You're my man. I want a man who can do things." At the next meeting Baer made good his promise, and afterward the thing was accomplished.

As Baer had already made a name for himself and was well known, this incident perhaps has more weight as showing Morgan's view of the subject and his prompt way of putting it in practice than as proving the certainty of recognition and opportunity.

## LABOR UNIONS NEED RESPONSIBILITY.

By Prof. W. A. Wyckoff.

The one salient fact of modern industry is the concentration of capital. One per cent of the families of this country own and control more of the capital that is used in the industrial work of the country than the remaining 99 per cent. As a natural result, there has come about a social cleavage in industrial society, one class owning and controlling the instruments of production, the other class merely selling its labor, whether mental or manual, skilled or unskilled, for competitive wages.

These facts made the organization of labor a primary necessity of modern labor. No one familiar with the industrial history of the past century can deny that organization is not only the right but the necessity of modern labor. The strike is often the only means available for correcting intolerable conditions as to the simplest sanitary safeguards. For instance, I have worked sixteen hours a day for \$8 a month and my keep, such as it was. I often felt like striking, but I could not, for I was unorganized.

One of the great needs of organized labor, however, is greater responsibility. With the organization of capital has come responsibility, and the same should be the case with labor. I believe that the hope for the future depends primarily upon this—the legal responsibility of organized labor. Through some method for the incorporation of organized labor I believe there would follow the development of a jurisprudence adjusting the relations of the two classes.

## FAIL TO GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

By F. W. Canning.

I have some friends who took a house worth \$500 a year rent because it was offered to them at \$300. They tell me that they therefore gained \$200 a year. They could have got just the house that would have fitted them for \$250, and instead of "making \$200 a year" they appear to me to be losing a steady \$50 per annum.

In eating, drinking, rents, clothes and everything else we have to purchase we are all liable to make the same mistake. I have found many bargains which have been the dearest things I ever purchased. It is not that they were not worth the money, but the money, if spent in another direction, was worth more to me. I have known some appalling instances of wages and salaries, the larger part of which has been spent in securing what was of the slightest value to the purchaser. In one way every penny spent secured its pennyworth, but in another way the thing bought was not worth a halfpenny.

Getting one's money's worth is an occupation full of problems. I know a man who walks to his office two miles every day to save car fare. What he wears out in boots he entirely ignores. I know another who, when suddenly reduced to his last \$100 note, spent \$90 in purchasing a hat and a suit of clothes. It might have seemed ridiculous extravagance, but his smart appearance helped him to get a good situation in two days. I consider that he got more than his money's worth there. "The value of a thing is what it is worth to the buyer," said a political economist, and he undoubtedly was right.

lightful. I feared for him, but could not bear to let him go. Finally, I saw my father coming toward us with flashing eyes. I knew by the way he looked at my companion that he had got some clue to his identity. We vanished in the crowd, slipped through the garden, and my highwayman passed off the place in safety.

Later, when my father found me, I gave him the snuffbox. He sent out to notify the police that the highwayman was in town, but he was never caught.

One spring morning, I was sitting in the garden in the rear of the house, when above the wall I saw the head of a man. I was about to scream when he spoke. I recognized the voice of my highwayman lover. He persuaded me to make an appointment with him in a wood near the city, and there we met on several occasions. He confessed that he was the second son of a nobleman who had taken to the road from a keen love of adventure. He finally persuaded me at one of our meetings to go with him to a magistrate and be married. I never returned to my home, but sailed to France with my grandfather.

Don't start, don't bend your head for shame, at learning that you have descended from—I will not say a highwayman—a nobleman whose love for adventure blighted his life and made him an exile. My husband was beloved by all who knew him and worshipped by his wife and children. Even in those youthful escapades he never benefited by a shilling dishonestly, and many a person whom he stopped on the highway and found in need he helped.

The Earl of Ballincorne, his brother, dying, the title and estates descended to his only son, who died, childless, yesterday. His death leaves you the next in line. Here are the papers confirming you in your claim.—Pittsburg Press.

## Is Bronze Fashionable?

A man and woman, possibly contemplating the purchase of a wedding present, were standing in front of a store window a few days ago gazing at some bronze figures, several of them by celebrated artists. After a brief silence the woman asked: "Are they fashionable, I wonder?"—Philadelphia Press.

The reason it takes two women so long to say good-by is that they are both determined to have the last word.

## PUBLIC SENTIMENT ENDS DAY OF DEPRAVITY ON STAGE.

That the public no longer will tolerate degrading, morbid, or prurient productions on the stage has been realized by the New York theatrical managers who stage most of the productions in the country. The fact that public opinion would not permit Nan Patterson to exhibit herself was received with some surprise, but with more relief.

Miss Patterson left the stage after she had received chilling receptions in the smaller Pennsylvania cities, and after the district attorney of one county had forbidden her to appear, on the ground that it would be "an outrage on public decency."

Commenting on the case, a well-known theater trust manager said: "Public opinion has improved wonderfully in the last few years. The day



NAN PATTERSON.

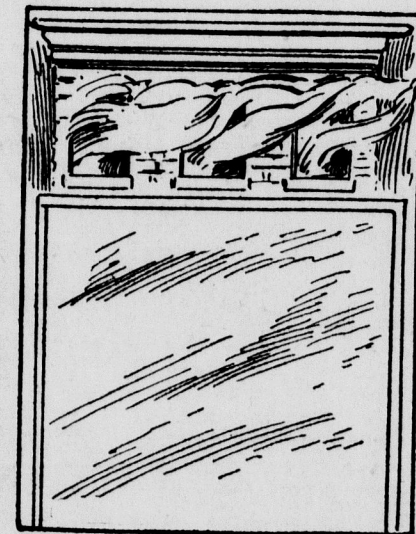
of the 'blood and gore' melodrama, if not past, is dying, and people everywhere demand cleaner plays than they did, say, five years ago. "Off-color" plays used to be popular, and a production that went as nearly as possible toward violating the law was an assured success in many quarters.

"Now even the burlesque is being cleansed, and a person may go to almost any theater without meeting anything objectionable."

## CURTAIN FOR FIREMEN.

Portable Shield Which Protects the Flame Fighters.

An ingenious Omaha inventor has designed an entirely new fire fighting appliance. While its use is entirely restricted to fires in buildings of small proportions, such as low stores and dwellings, etc., the portable fire shield will no doubt, find many advocates. It consists of a wheel truck carrying a folding fire screen of fireproof material. When collapsed the entire outfit



PORTABLE FIRE SHIELD.

does not take up as much room as a hook and ladder, and is drawn to the scene by horses, who are immediately detached and taken out of harm's way. The truck is then wheeled in front of the burning building and the shield raised by means of hand gear operated by the firemen, the general plan of arrangement being apparent from an inspection of the accompanying cut. Such a portable shield would prevent the spread of the flames to adjacent property, and occasionally it might enable firemen to approach near enough to a building which was burning briskly to effect a rescue of life or property which ordinarily would not be attempted because of the danger involved from intense heat, but from which the shield would screen the rescuing firemen.

## High Postage Rates in Italy.

The postage rates are becoming one of the burning questions in Italy, where they are the highest in Europe, and the circulation of letters and post cards, by consequence, the lowest. The lowest postage for any letter is 4 cents, and for a post card about 2 cents. This heavy rate has often been made the subject of complaint, but now something like an organized movement for a reduction has been set on foot. As chambers of commerce are taking the question up, it is probable that something will have to be done.

## No Misrepresentation.

"See here," exclaimed the irate purchaser to the typewriter agent, "didn't you tell me the machine you sold me was so strong you could drop it out of a window, go down and pick it up and go right to work on it?"

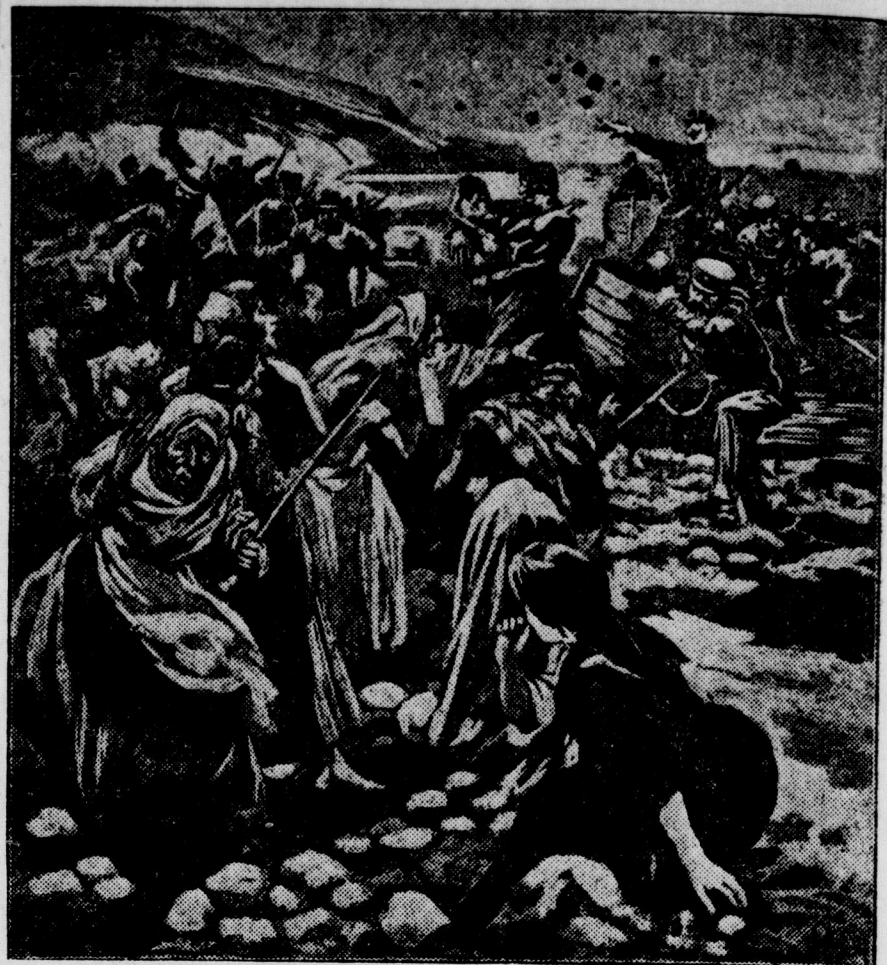
"I did."

"Well, it fell out of the window accidentally yesterday, and I had to send it to the repair shop."

"Well you could have gone right to work on it yourself if you'd known how to set about fixing it, couldn't you?"

The girl is never satisfied with her newest dress until she discovers that her worst girl friend doesn't like it.

## IN THE "DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY."



AN IRISH ISLAND BATTLE.

An eviction battle recalling the stormiest days of the Irish Land Agitation recently took place between 200 picked men of the Royal Irish Constabulary and the entire population of Dursley Island, a bleak speck in the Atlantic sixteen miles from Castletown Berehaven, County Cork. The two hundred policemen were sent to evict Daniel Healy, an aged peasant. They only did so after a desperate encounter with the other occupants of the island—some thirty-five families—who met them on landing with a fusillade of stones, and then fought a hand-to-hand conflict in which fixed bayonets and the butt-ends of rifles were freely used.

## NAPOLION OF CUBA.

### STIRRING CAREER OF THE LATE GEN. MAXIMO GOMEZ.

Patriot Whose Wonderful Genius and Finished Statesmanship Made Cuba Libre Possible—Born in Santo Domingo and of Spanish Descent.

The recent death in Havana of Gen. Maximo Gomez removed one of the most picturesque figures that has ever appeared upon the pages of Cuba's thrilling history. In the smaller sphere to which fate confined him, Gomez showed the great qualities that place his name fitly with those of Washington and Bolivar. It was not only in the field that he won the title of the Liberator of Cuba, but especially in the troubled times following the intervention of the United States, when his disinterestedness and statesmanship helped to bring about a settlement. Though Santo Domingo holds his birthplace, Gomez's life was given to Cuba and was spent on the island, ex-



GEN. MAXIMO GOMEZ.

cept in long intervals of enforced exile. Free Cuba can honor him as her own with better right than Uruguay does Garibaldi or Americans do La Fayette and Steuben. When time has given her a history and the slanders of selfish politicians are forgotten the greatness and integrity of Maximo Gomez will make Cuba proud of her beginnings.

Gomez, commander-in-chief of the Cuban army during the war for liberty against Spain, who won for himself the name of the "Cuban Napoleon," was 82 years old. He was born in Santo Domingo and was of good Spanish descent. As a young man he entered the Spanish army, being granted the commission of a lieutenant, but when his family emigrated to Cuba he withdrew from the service of Spain and gave himself heart and soul to the cause of Cuba Libre. His home for many years was near Santiago.

It was in 1898 that he joined the patriot army, and his ability and intrepidity earned him rapid promotion. During the revolution of that time he beat the Spaniards at the battles of Jiguana and Holguin and made the name of Gomez one to be feared. In 1872 Gen. Agramonts, then commander-in-chief of the Cuban army, promoted Gomez to a brigadier generalship, and after that the Spanish soldiers called him "The Terror." He had only a small, badly equipped force of half-naked soldiers, who fought with poor weapons, but he captured Nuevitas, Santa Cruz and Cascorra and fought the battle of Las Guasimas against overwhelming odds.

In 1874 he invaded the province of Santa Clara, driving the Spanish forces before him, defeating Gen. Jovellar in several small engagements, and was made a major general. When the revolution died out in 1878 and the

treaty of Zanjon was signed Gomez was proscribed. He escaped to Jamaica and lived a farmer's life there until the recrudescence of the rebellion in 1895 under Jose Marti.

He landed in Cuba April 14, 1895, was hailed by the Cubans with wild enthusiasm and was made commander-in-chief. His ability and energy and his genius for accomplishing results without fighting pitched battles spread the revolution until the whole island was involved. His military tactics caused him to be criticised and sneered at by the Spaniards, and even some of his own officers, but he was adored by the rank and file and by the Cuban people, who looked to him to secure the liberation of the island. Time after time he used his Spanish Time after time he used his tactics with success against large Spanish armies, outflanking the over-confident enemy, falling unexpectedly on their rear and turning apparent defeat into victory.

Perhaps his most remarkable achievement was at the battle of Saratoga, where he hastily gathered 500 men to meet the advancing columns of Gen. Castellanos. With his little force of 500 and odd he met, defeated and drove back the 2,600 Spanish troops under Castellanos in spite of the artillery and unlimited ammunition his foes had. The fight lasted four days. Gomez lost 65 killed and 133 wounded.

Gomez was very proud of the reputation he had gained of having never lost a battle. His personal bravery had a wonderful effect on the raw recruits of which the greater part of his forces was made up during the first part of the last revolution. It is said that no man ever flinched, no matter how thick the bullets flew, while Gomez's eye was on him.

Gen. Gomez was a small man, about 5 feet 6 inches tall, and slenderly built. During the last years of his life he suffered greatly from a wound he received in the right leg. He had keen, penetrating eyes and a restless, wary look. He had the friendliest possible feeling for the United States. He was sorely disappointed when after he had scored important successes against the Spaniards the United States refused to recognize the belligerency of Cuba. But when this country lent a hand Gen. Gomez did all in his power to secure the friendliest relations.

He enjoyed perhaps more than any other Cuban leader the love and confidence of the Cuban people. His last visit to the United States was in the spring of 1903, when he visited the St. Louis exposition.

## An Anecdote of Gorky.

Anecdotes of Maxim Gorky are on the wing. Here is one they tell in Paris. He went to the theater at Moscow one evening to see a play by a popular writer. Instead of paying attention to the stage, the entire audience rose and greeted Gorky with prodigious acclamation. Then he delivered this address: "What on earth are you staring at me for? I am not a dancing girl, nor the Venus of Milo, nor a drunkard, just picked out of the river! I write stories; they have the luck to please you, and I am glad of it. But that is no reason why you should keep on staring. We have come here to see a charming play. Be good enough to attend to that, and leave me alone." More delighted than ever, the audience shouted with joy. Perhaps they thought they would get another speech, but Gorky jumped out of his seat and left the theater in disgust.

Advise an old man that he ought to have a good time in life, and you are stumped when he answers, "How?"

The real critic is the woman with a "voice," when she hears another woman sing.



## How Many Birthdays?

You must have had sixty at least! What? Only forty? Then it must be your gray hair. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops these frequent birthdays. It gives all the early, deep, rich color to gray hair, and checks scaling hair. And it keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

"I was greatly troubled with dandruff which produced a most disagreeable itching of the scalp. I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and the dandruff soon disappeared. My hair also stopped falling out until now I have a splendid head of hair."—DAVID C. KINNE, Plainfield, Conn.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Also manufactured by  
**SARGAPARILLA**  
**PILLS**  
**CHERRY PECTORAL.**

### Woman's Compliment.

"I must compliment you on the remarkable lightness of your bread," said the woman customer.

"Thank you," rejoined the baker. "It is my aim to turn out the lightest bread in the city."

"Yes," continued the w. c., "and if you get it much lighter it will take two of your pound loaves to weigh sixteen ounces."

### To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures, hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures Corns, Ingrowing Nails and Bunions. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

### In Chicago.

BJohnson—"Will you go to the matinee with me this afternoon?"

BJackson—"Thank you, old man. I'd like to, but I can't. I haven't any full dress suit."—Somerville Journal.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Little*

### Economy of Effort.

"My sakes! How well your husband is trained. How did you ever do it?"

"I didn't. He was a widower when I got him. It saves a lot of trouble."

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

### At Less Expense.

Sharpe—"Hello, old man. I don't see you out in your automobile any more."

Whealton—"No, I found I could make just as much noise and get just as much dirt on me beating carpets."

**FITS** permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### He Knew.

"But, my dear sir," protested the banker, "I don't see how you can spare the time to go to the baseball game. You don't know what is going on in your office while you are away."

"Oh, yes, I do," chuckled the old broker with the grandstand ticket. "The office boy is smoking cigarettes and the bookkeeper is making love to the typewriter."

### Point of View.

Cordelia—"Jack Dashing tried to kiss me last night. He's simply awful."

Malvina—"According to your own statement I should say he was awfully simple."

### Positively Unbearable.

Polly—"The way that man looked at me was positively insulting!"

Polly—"Did he stare at you?"

Dolly—"No. He gave one glance and then looked at something else.—Illustrated Bits.

### Accounted For.

"Bangs spends money like a lord. He acts as if it didn't amount to anything at all!"

"It doesn't to him—he's usually blowing other people's money!"

## CHINESE FREEMASONS.

Mongolian Secret Societies Differ from Masonic Body.

The installation of a grand master of the Chinese secret orders in the United States, popularly known as the "Chinese Freemasons," has aroused interest in the question of the connection between the Chinese secret societies and the Masonic body, says the Washington Star. Allusions to "Chinese Freemasonry" appear periodically in the newspapers, though, according to the Cyclopedia of Fraternities, there is no such thing as Freemasonry among the Chinese.

The only Masonic lodges in China are in the foreign concessions at the seaports. Their membership is composed exclusively of others than Chinese and they are conducted under foreign warrants. The rites of the Chinese secret societies bear some resemblance to those of the Freemasons, which accounts for the popular supposition of a connection between the two. The similarity, though more apparent than real, is remarkable in view of the antiquity of both, and the impossibility of either to have been patterned after the other.

China is filled with secret societies, most of which have for their object the overthrow of the T'ing dynasty, with a pretended benevolent purpose to veil the political significance of the organization. The most powerful of these societies, the Kalao Hui, numbers more than 1,000,000.

The Cyclopedia of Fraternities contains an account of an initiation ceremony at a Chinese lodge in Spokane, Wash., at which four white men, Freemasons, were present by invitation. The lodge represented a benevolent branch of the Kalao Hui. There were references to the "immortal three," circumambulation, four stations at which questions were asked and answers returned, kneeling on crossed swords, tea drinking, burning incense, a traditional season of refreshment and signs in which the head and hands were unable to detect anything that resembled the Masonry with which they were familiar.

The same authority gives this account of the secret signs used by the Triad Society, which was at the bottom of the Taiping rebellion:

"Members always halt on entering a house, and then proceed with the left foot first. When sitting they place their toes together and spread their heels apart. They also recognize one another by the way they place their teacups on the table, and the manner in which they hitch their trousers. Their motto is 'Drive out the Tartar.'"

Treason is punished by lopping off the ears of a minor offender. The final punishment is beheading.

### In the Morning.

Reggalerly, every day,  
When my poppa's gotten up,  
I can see him far away  
Mix'n' sump'n' in a cup;  
I can hear him slappy-slap  
With a knife against a strap.

He is such a funny sight  
In the mirror on the shelf,  
With his chin all blooby white,  
Makin' faces at himself;  
But I mustn't laugh, or he  
Comes and rubs it off on me!

Poppa says, when I'm grown up,  
With some troubles an' a wife,  
I can have a mixer-cup  
An' a shiny, crooked knife;  
But he says I must begin  
Gettin' prickles on my chin.  
—Success Magazine.

### The Deacon's Theory.

"Deacon," said the minister, after the congregation had been dismissed, "how do you account for the unusually poor collection this morning?"

"Well, parson," replied the deacon, "the only way I can account for it is that the people have decided to pay according to the sermons delivered."

### Hard Work.

"Back from your vacation, eh? I suppose you'll find your work harder than ever now."

"That's what!" replied the clerk. "I've got ten fiancées to correspond with."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Point of View.

Her Husband—"A man has no idea how mean other people can be until he asks them to do him a favor."

His Wife—"Nor how mean he can be until his wife asks him for money."

# WOMEN AND FASHION

### The Sweet Girl Graduate.

White as a lily that uplifts its face  
From some unsmiling retreat,  
She takes us captive with a witching grace,  
Half-hesitant, all sweet.  
And though 'tis passing strange that one fair head  
Can prison such a store  
Of knowledge—gleaned by sages, ages dead—  
Of deep and classic lore,  
Yet let us deem her fit interpreter  
Of problems intricate,  
And with glad voices cry: "All hail to her,  
The sweet girl graduate!"

With modest mien and fearing, faltering feet,  
She seeks the lighted stage,  
And reads in accents tremulously sweet  
Her essay's scented page;  
She tells of tasks performed, of duties done,  
And of that ardent flame  
Which prompts the soul to win to goals unwon  
Far on the heights of Fame;  
She claims, though school time studies now are o'er,  
That lessons new await  
Dim down the misty meads that stretch before  
The sweet girl graduate.

Ah, grant her hopeful heart may never know  
The beat of sorrow's rain!  
That she may drain no bitter cup of woe,  
Nor tread red thorns of pain!  
God grant henceforward that her foot-steps fare  
Through sunlit garden ways,  
Down paths of peacefulness where blossoms glare  
More redolent her days!  
That time's harsh finger touch each clinging tress  
With smoothness delicate!  
That Fate may bless and Fortune's smiles caress  
The sweet girl graduate!  
—Hilton R. Greer.

### Woman's Best Profession.

In the last year more than a hundred young women have deserted careers on the stage for careers in the home. This week two young women of this city have announced their determination to quit the footlights for matrimony. They are successful in their roles. They have had the applause of appreciative audiences showered upon them. They know well the glitter and attraction of the stage, and to woman, with her natural love for admiration, the attraction of the stage is great. Yet they are putting the applause and glitter of a theatrical career behind them for the quieter career of marriage.

Human nature gives wisdom to such of its people as will heed. The young women who are giving up professional life for matrimony are wise beyond the wisdom of their sisters who preach the active business life for woman-kind. Experience has taught them early that matrimony is inevitably the career for woman. The making of a home is the work to which woman can best turn her hand. She is fitted for this work, and she may or may not be fitted for a business or professional career. In business or professional life woman is always at a disadvantage. It is not her natural environment. She is forced to come into direct competition with man in his own field. Generations have trained him for it, and he is much at home. Woman is as yet a newcomer in the fields of business, and she is not fitted to compete successfully with the stronger sex. She has not man's chances of winning success. Eventually evolution may place her upon the same level as man in this regard, but at present it is matrimony that spells success for her. A position as general manager of a home is where she is fully gifted to shine. There she makes man, who is master of the business and professional world, take upon himself a most insignificant appearance. It is there that she may win her most brilliant success, and it is there that she will find herself most satisfied with life. Matrimony is still woman's best profession.—Chicago Tribune.

### Summer Styles From Paris.



The gown at the left is of lilac linen. The skirt is plaited and trimmed at the bottom with an embroidery of braid, or cord. The bolero is also trimmed with the embroidery, and the back is gathered at the bottom under a strap of the material ornamented with buttons. The blouse is of embroidered batiste, and the girdle is

of silk of a little darker shade than the gown.

The other gown is of reseda green cashmere. The skirt is made with narrow breadths, which are cut off about knee height and finished with groups of plaitings, the plaiting opening out again almost immediately. The blouse is trimmed in front and around the epaulettes with plaitings of taffeta of the same shade as the gown. The little yoke is composed of bands of lace insertion fagoted together, and below this are straps of cord and buttons. Buttons also ornament the front, and the girdle is of taffeta. The full sleeves are finished just below the elbows with cuffs composed of bands of lace fagoted together like the yoke.

### Young Housekeepers.

Do not, if you are going to make the curtains at home, buy them without taking the needful measurements beforehand.

Do not try to buy too much at once. No matter if the rooms do look a trifle bare at first, as time goes on you can gradually acquire more pretty things.

Do not forget that it is extremely economical to buy two carpets of the same pattern. Consequently, when in the future they wear out, it is easy enough, by removing the threadbare parts and judiciously joining the remainder, to turn two carpets into one.

Do not buy china of an uncommon design, which you will find difficult to match when broken. Plain white ware

Lace and embroidery combinations—the new combinations that the fashionable world is petting to death—are myriad, from the tiny, wavy edges, ending in a beading and finishing with the sheerest bit of valenciennes felled on to the edge, to the heavy kinds, with heavy linen—embroidered—for the foundation, and the frailest, most perishable of pompadour laces for ornament.

### Woman Police Sergeant.

Miss Nettie Payne of Butler, Pa., is engaged in an occupation which, so far as known, is not followed by any other woman in the country. She is desk sergeant on the police force in that city.

Miss Payne does not wear a uniform, nor does she smoke or swear while on duty—or off it, for that matter. Indeed, since her tenure in office began, "No smoking" signs have been placed in conspicuous places on the walls of the police headquarters, and the use of the weed by visitors is strictly tabooed.

For several hours each night Miss Payne is in entire charge of the force. Seated at a desk in headquarters from 7 p. m. to 5 a. m., she receives the hourly reports of the patrolmen as they go over their beats, and



Miss Nettie Payne.

### MORNING TOILETTES FOR THE COUNTRY.



1. Alice blue mohair with embroidered vest. Turned-back lapels on sleeves, and jacket faced with darker blue taffeta. Lingerie blouse. White straw hat with clusters of blue gentians and blue velvet. 2. Checked voile suit, trimmed with braid the color of the checks. Flat collar and girdle of braided taffeta. Leghorn hat. 3. Embroidered pongee, trimmed with bands and girdle of the embroidery. Surplice front opening over fine batiste blouse. Fancy straw hat with long colored plumes.

is to be recommended for ordinary use, as it is easily replaced when occasion requires, and if all the bedroom sets are of white or one pattern, economy will result when breakage occurs.

### Keep Sentiment.

Life without sentiment is as insipid as savory without salt. Yet when people marry they usually "settle down," which means they endeavor to look at everything from the common sense point of view, and forswear all the delightful nonsense which they indulged in when they were sweethearts.

Is it that rent, taxes, butcher, baker, and candlestick maker usurp the place given to romance? Or is it that people always grow staid as they grow older?

Is it possible that the wife cares less for love than the sweetheart used to do? Not in her heart of hearts, I believe. But once surrounded by it, she grows unconscious of it, and imagines it no longer of supreme importance, even making the hideous mistake of fancying it can be done without. Familiarity breeds contempt, and so she lightly prizes love to her own undoing.

Stick fast to the high ideals of courtship days; don't let yourself be persuaded they are foolish or old-fashioned; don't, when love becomes a daily certainty, fancy sentiment can be dispensed with, or you will wake up with a start one of these fine days and find to your cost that the future which promised to be so fair is stretching blank and desolate before you, and that your husband, or your wife, as the case may be, bears no resemblance to the sweetheart of years gone by.

### Choosing Embroidery.

In choosing embroideries look first at the material; some of the sheerest are less flimsy than the apparently sturdy. Look next at the edge; if the stitching is too shallow it's likely to pull out soon. If the scallop is in deep points, it's bound to curl up at the first wearing.



ABOUT THE BABY

Unless baby is suffering from some chronic trouble it can be kept healthy and happy all through warm weather by being frequently sponged in tepid water during the day and kept clad in two garments only. One of these should be a knit bandage, and the other a roomy "nightie" of cheesecloth or serim. Strange as it may seem, baby will be cooler and more comfortable than if clothing were dispensed with altogether, especially when put down to nap.

To make a flour ball for teething babies, tie the contents of a cup of flour in a piece of muslin, drop in cold water and bring to the boil. Boil steadily for three hours, turn out the ball, and dry for hours in an open oven. When ready to use it, grate a tablespoonful, wet up with a little cold water, and stir into a half-cup of boiling water. Add a little salt.

### Truth Comes Out.

If the truth must be told, women are not, as a rule, impressed with the importance of keeping a contract as are men, who are used to keeping to a bargain or contract, whether profitable or not.—The Queen.

Dried wood steeped in oil is used to incinerate departed members of the priesthood—a sight common in Ceylon.



MISS ELLA OFF, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

## SUFFERED FOR MONTHS

Per-u-na, the Remedy That Cured.

Miss Ella Off, 1127 Linden St., Indianapolis, Ind., writes:

"I suffered with a run down constitution for several months, and feared that I would have to give up my work."

"On seeking the advice of a physician, he prescribed a tonic. I found, however, that it did me no good. On seeking the advice of our druggist, he asked me to try Per-u-na. In a few weeks I began to feel and act like a different person. My appetite increased, I did not have that worn-out feeling, and I could sleep splendidly. In a couple of months I was entirely recovered. I thank you for what your medicine has done for me."—Ella Off.

Write Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence is held strictly confidential.

### Explained.

Mr. Snappy—Your father seems to be a very surly man. Every time I see him he's frowning.

Miss Peppery—"Naturally. I suppose every time you see him he sees you."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

### Encouraging.

"Marriages, you know," remarked Miss Elderleigh, "are made in heaven." "Oh, well, cheer up," rejoined Miss Youngblood, consolingly. "You'll probably go there some time."

Farmers' insurance companies have awakened to the fact that lately the killing of cattle by lightning is largely due to wire fences, which attract the electric fluid.

Spruance, Stanley & Co., San Francisco, will supply you with Sun Flower Whiskey. Choice.

### Poor Consolation.

Long—Cheer up, old man. There are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught.

Short—Very likely; but what's a fellow to do when he's out of bait?

Civilization is an evolution. The good things, like "Old Gilt Edge Whisky," mark the highest point in its progression. Remember that, dear. Wichman, Lutgen & Co., 29-31 Battery St., S. F.

### Hard Headed.

"He's got a fine head for business."

"What business?"

"Playing football."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## THE Keeley Cure

For the conquering of Alcoholism and the Drug Habit.

Thousands of people are living examples of what it has done for them. Call or write for particulars.

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S. F. N. U. No. 31, 1905

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## SSS FOR THE BLOOD

"S. S. S. for the blood" has grown to be a household saying. When the blood is out of order, or needs treatment from any cause, this great remedy is the first thought of and used by thousands of people all over the country, because it is superior to all other blood purifiers. It is a purely vegetable remedy, and while it penetrates the circulation and forces out all poison and morbid matter, it also builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. During the winter months the natural avenues of bodily waste have become dull and weak and failed to perform their full duty, the blood has been sluggish and an extra amount of poisons and waste matters have accumulated in the system and been absorbed by it. With the coming of Spring and warm weather the blood is aroused and stirred to quicker action and in its effort to throw off these acids and poisons the skin suffers. Boils, pimples, blotches, rashes and eruptions break out and continue until the blood is cleansed and made pure. S. S. S. is the ideal remedy for this condition; it clears the blood of all impurities, makes it rich and strong and these skin troubles pass away. Rheumatism, Catarrh, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison and all other diseases of the blood are cured by S. S. S. Book on the blood and any advice desired, free of charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

I was suffering from impure blood and a general run-down condition of the system. I had no appetite, was losing flesh, and an all-gone tired feeling that made me miserable. I began the use of S. S. S. and my blood was restored to its normal, healthy condition. My appetite returned, I increased in weight, that "tired feeling" left and I was again myself.  
Columbus, Ohio.

VICTOR STUBBINS,  
Cor. Barthman and Washington Aves.



The gown at the left is of lilac linen. The skirt is plaited and trimmed at the bottom with an embroidery of braid, or cord. The bolero is also trimmed with the embroidery, and the back is gathered at the bottom under a strap of the material ornamented with buttons. The blouse is of embroidered batiste, and the girdle is

Best Tree Wash and Olive Dip  
**GREENBANK** Powdered Caustic Soda and Pure Potash  
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# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles** of **Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly **FIFTEEN HUNDRED PEOPLE**.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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